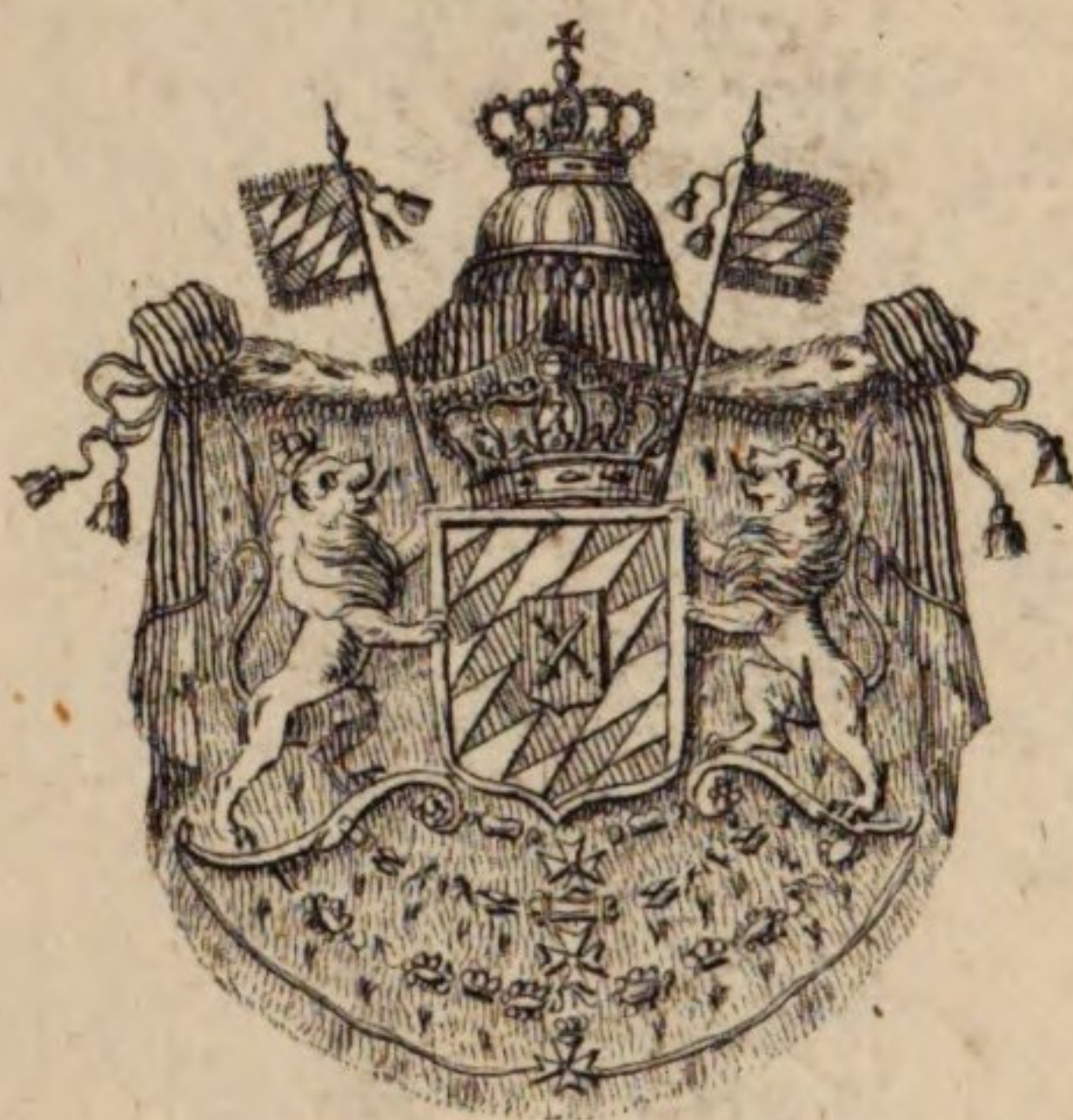


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. E. YOUNG.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South Sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament:
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?-----
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing---but their praise?

Sat. I.

VOL. II.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
and sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. R. YOUNG.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By
JAMES G. GORDON.
Author of "The Life of Dr. R. Young."

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
By James G. Gordon.
The author of this work was born in the year 1791, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He was a member of the Faculty of Divinity, and held the office of Professor of Divinity. He was also a member of the Scottish Society, and was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review. He died in the year 1841, and was buried in the Westminister Abbey.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. E. YOUNG.

CONTAINING HIS

LAST DAY,
LOVE OF FAME,
OCEAN,

IMPERIUM PELAGI,
PARAPHRASE OF JOB,
RESIGNATION,

&c. &c. &c.

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these,
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just tribunals bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

Sat I.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. E. YOUNG.

CONTAINED IN

ONE VOLUME
IN TWO PARTS
THE FIRST PART
CONTAINING

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. E. YOUNG
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE FIRST VOLUME
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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF THE
REV. DR. E. YOUNG
IN TWO VOLUMES

THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies,-----Virg.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit : fugere feræ ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor-----Virg.*

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,
With Britain's hero* set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,
I draw a deeper scene ; a scene that yields 5
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan ;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom. 10

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring. I look down 15
On all the splendors of the British crown.
'This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !
O ! all ye angels, howsoever disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind, 20
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;
'Tis our eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night, 25
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire. 30

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Man ! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face ;
 See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store,
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar,
 Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail, 35
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
 Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;
 There vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds : 40
 There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd, 45
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

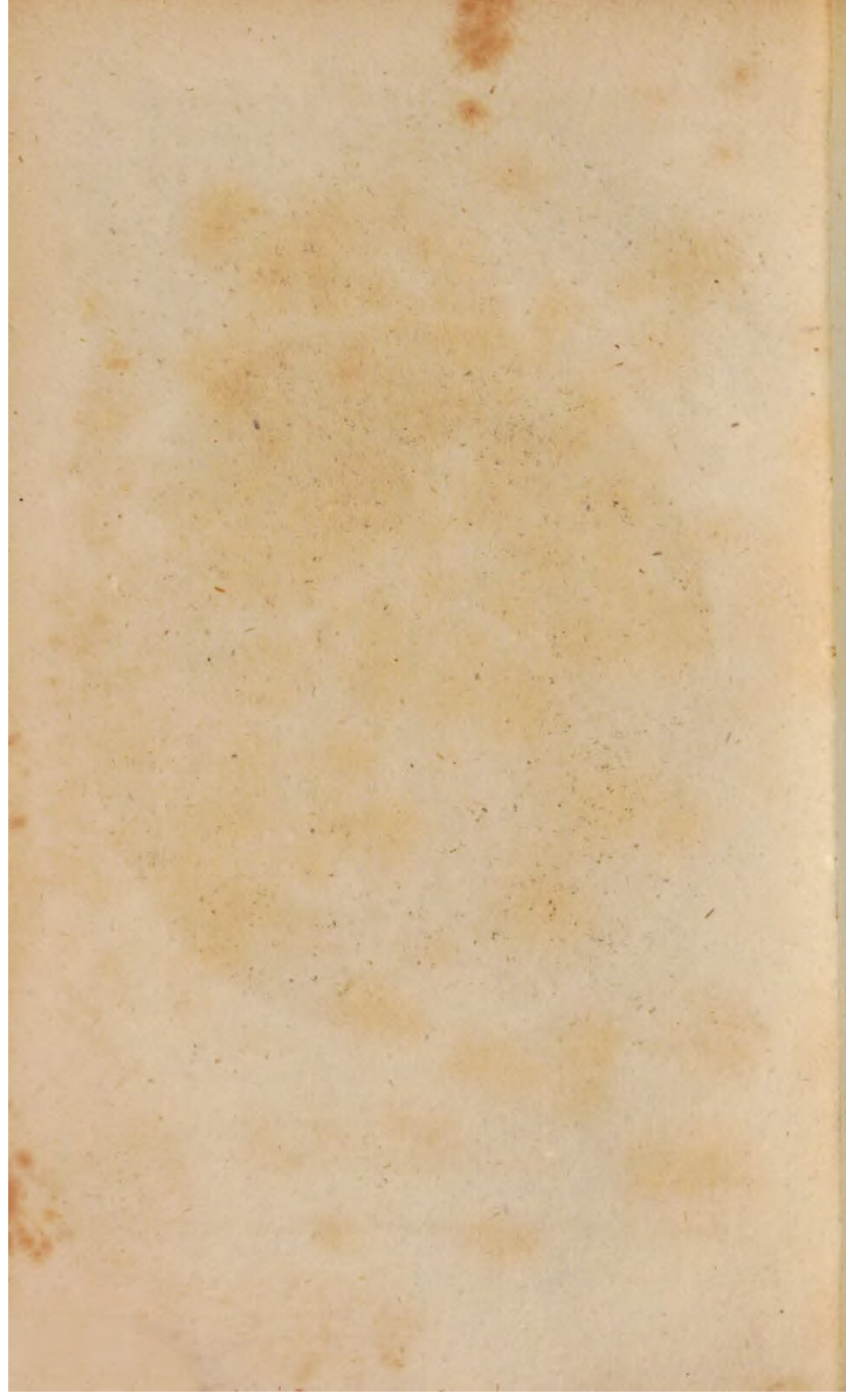
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west ? the lab'ring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry : 50
 Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
 And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year control :
 They shine thro' time with an unalter'd ray, 55
 See this grand period rise, and that decay :
 So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace,
 With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;
 So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
 'Twere sin in Heathens not to have ador'd. 60

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears !
 How worthy an immortal round of years !
 Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be sought in vain :
 The track forgot where constellations shone, 65
 Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :
 Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of Fate !) 70



Man! bear thy brow aloft view every grace,
In God's great offspring beauteous Nature's face
See Springs gay bloom see golden Autumn's store
See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
Vide Young, Last Day, Volume II. Page 6. Line 31.



This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;

While other Bourbons rule in other lands, 75

And (if man's sins forbid not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run;
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun; 80

(Ye sublunary Worlds! awake, awake!
Ye Rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)

Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay,
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend, 85

Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade; 90

From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call 95
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;

Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of Nature wound, 100
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole engin'ry, discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware? 105
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?

Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind.

None are supinely good; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain. 110

This is the scene of combat, not of rest ;
 Man's is laborious happiness at best :
 On this side death his dangers never cease ;
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of Fate, 115
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her charms,
 The conscious soul would this great scene display,
 Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array, 120
 The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No power on earth her firm resolve could shake :
 Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand, 125
 And look regardless down on sea and land ;
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could retain,
 And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain !
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
 And danger serve but to exalt delight. 130

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast, 135
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake :
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ; 140
 We view with joy what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse ! whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
 Say, melancholy Maid ! if bold to dare 145
 The last extremes of terror and despair,
 Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blissful earth who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state, 150

While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest ;
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring ;
 Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel, 155
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell :
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day :
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God, 160
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
 No light but from the terrors of the sky :
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost, 165
 And all into a second chaos tost :
 One universal ruin spreads abroad :
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
 Such, Earth ! thy fate : what then canst thou afford
 To comfort and support thy guilty lord ? 170
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?
 Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form, 17
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?
 Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ? 180
 It flies the reach of thought : oh, save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !
 Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;
 Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein, 185
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
 Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
 Defend me, O my God ! oh, save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour ! 190

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep :
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom, 195
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
 While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.
 His heart dismay'd ; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land : 200
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ? 205
 This time elaborately thrown away ?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less.
 Heavens ! how the good man trembles ?—

And is there a Last Day ? and must there come 210
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
 Ambition ! swell, and, thy proud sails to shew,
 Take all the winds that Vanity can blow ;
 Wealth ! on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ; 215
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine !
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty ! shine :
 Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire, 220
 Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !
 To smile at death ! to long to be dissolv'd !
 From our decays a pleasure to receive !
 And kindle into transport at a grave. 225
 What equals this ? And shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
 Religion ! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright !
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !

Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught but God and my own soul. 230

For ever, then, my Soul ! thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.

Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?

They all for him pursue, or quit, their end ; 236

The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend ;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,

To rest and silence aw'd by his command :

Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood, 240

By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,

His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,

And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did not the prophet this great truth maintain

In the deep chambers of the gloomy main, 245

When Darkness round him all her horrors spread,

And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head ?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,

And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;

When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high, 250

Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;

When death draws near, the mariners aghast,

Look back with terror on their actions past,

Their courage sickens into deep dismay,

Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away ; 255

Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;

Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;

Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,

And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought

With gems and gold ; but, oh, the storm so high 260

Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,

They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;

Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,

The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead. 265

(Hear, O ye Just ! attend ye virtuous few !

And the bright paths of piety pursue)

Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,

Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,

Covers his servant with his gracious hand, 270
 And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand ;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace ;
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep ;
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep ; 275
 Forget their hunger while they view their prey,
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders ; Nature's Lord
 Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
 And calls the great Leviathan : the great 280
 Leviathan attends in all his state,
 Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
 Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound,
 Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
 And drives vast billows to the distant land. 285

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
 Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
 The whale expands his jaws enormous size,
 The prophet views the cavern with surprise,
 Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd, 290
 And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side ;
 Then takes possession of the specious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear, 295
 Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
 Where the dead silent waters never flow ;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade ;
 Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,
 And glides serenely thro' the paths of death. 301

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves ;
 When the third morning, with its level rays,
 The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays, 305
 It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
 His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore ;
 A type of that great blessing which the Muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues. 309

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

— — Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν.

Αείψαν ἀποικοιχόμενων· ὁπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθουσαι.

PHOCYL.

(i. e.) We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust; after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost. 5
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
I grasp the whole; no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind: 10
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare 15
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drives cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race. 20
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust;
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs; and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet 25
The distant head; the distant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame. 30

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword
 Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord :
 Yet one day lost, this deity below
 Became the scorn and pity of his foe ;
 His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made, 35
 And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade :
 No trumpet's sound, no gasping armies yell,
 Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell :
 Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,
 His trunk was cast to perish on the shore ! 40
 While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
 Who brought the world in his great rival's head,
 This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
 Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
 The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear, 45
 Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
 Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
 And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees that, on a summer's day,
 In airy rings and wild meanders play, 50
 Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,
 And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
 Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
 Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd, 55
 Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid,
 Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd, for her appointed fate ;
 This soul, returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame : 60
 Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
 The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
 First takes a copy of the builder's mind ;
 Before the structure firm, with lasting oak, 65
 And marble bowels of the solid rock,
 Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
 And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
 The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
 With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass. 70

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome*,
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come
 From camps and courts, though great or wise, or just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord. 80

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
 No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave; 90
 All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light, 95
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night:
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown; 100
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunders with a godlike mien.
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move.
 An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide, 105
 A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day. 108

* Westminster Abbey.

Here Greatness prostrate falls ; there Strength gives
 Here Lazars smile ; there Beauty hides her face. [place,
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
 Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break, 115
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
 With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
 Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
 Have made them public fathers of mankind : 120
 In that illustrious rank what shining light,
 With such distinguish'd glory, fills my sight ?
 Bend down, my grateful muse ! that homage show,
 Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
 Wickham ! Fox ! Chirchley* ! hail, illustrious names !
 Who to far distant times dispense your beams ; 126
 Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail, thrice honour'd ! 'twas your great renown
 To bless a people and oblige a crown ; 130
 And now you rise eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God ! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to humankind, 135
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind ?
 Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,
 Was nothing ; shall I live, when every fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire ? 140
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move ?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught, 145
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought ?

* Founders of New-college, Corpus Christi, and All-Soul's in Oxford ; of which the author was a member.

All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine !

But, oh ! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar, 150
The judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw ;
Attend great Anna ! with religious awe ;
Expect not here, the known successful arts 155
To win attention, and command our hearts.
Fiction ! be far away : let no machine,
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen ;
Behold the God of Gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend ! 160

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow 165
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,
And ev'ry age and nation pours along ;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng ;
Adam salutes his youngest son : no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin. 170

How empty learning, and how vain is art !
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birthday or descent !
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise, 175
To see the glorious race of ancient days ?
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood ?
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands. 180

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above ;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command 185
Said to one empire Fall ; another Stand :

Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
 (Another blow had broke the Fates' decree, 191
 And earth had wanted her fourth Monarchy)
 Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host;
 They all are here, and here they all are lost:
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain, 195
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
 "For judgment, judgment, Sons of men! prepare!"
 Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
 And Hell thro' all her trembling realms resound. 200

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
 Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,
 Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
 Most realms united in one common lord,
 Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine 205
 The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
 Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my muse!
 How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly; 210
 Lo! far within, and far above all height,
 Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
 Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! where time and place,
 Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace, 216
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air suspended ball, 220
 (Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold, (but mortal sight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
 I see, on an empyreal flying throne 225
 Sublimely rais'd, heaven's everlasting Son,

Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
 Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant Prince. 230
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er, serene, he turns propitious eyes, 235
 Or we expect or find a Paradise;
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light;
 On one the sword of justice, fiercely bright. 240
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heaven the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array: 246
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic: blest'd with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again. 250

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
 O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;
 A needl's, helpless, unaccounted guest, 255
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him who, meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd, 259
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd and
 Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [dy'd?
 All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine; 265
 The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas ! ah ! which blasphem'd,
 Thou or thy pris'ner ? which shall be condemn'd ?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame ! 270

But God is good ! 'tis wondrous all ! e'en he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,
 From earth full twice a planetary height :
 There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,
 Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze ; 276

One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows sound :
 These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand tribunal of this awful court : 280

Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
 Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns
 Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies, [fly :
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd ; 286
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff, of wondrous height, 290
 Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
 The Cross so strong and red, it sheds a stain,
 Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, and main ;
 Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood, 295
 And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright !
 Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
 Ah turn, unwary Muse ! nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell. 300

Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream ;
 Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway :
 But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold 305
 How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r? 310
 Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround
 For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

"O thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 " Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey, 316
 " Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
 " That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
 " Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 " And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. 320

" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 " To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
 " Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
 " And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
 " Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow 325
 " At thy command, nor human motive know!
 " If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 " And sin the graceful indignation raise:
 " My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 " And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd. 330

" Oh may my understanding ever read
 " This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
 " Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride
 " Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
 " Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown? 335
 " And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
 " Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 " Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war:
 " May sea, and land, and earth, and heaven, be join'd,
 " To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! 340
 " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 " May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 " Adore, my Heart! the Majesty Divine.

" Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war, 345
 " Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!

- “ Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
“ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
“ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,
“ The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow : 350
“ 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
“ And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the North.
“ Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
“ Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;
“ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise, 355
“ And with the morning sun ascends the skies :
“ As that advances, let my zeal improve,
“ And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
“ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
“ My endless worship shall be still begun. 360
“ And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn Night
“ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
“ When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
“ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
“ Compose our souls with a less dazzling light, 365
“ And shew all Nature in a milder light ;
“ How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides !
“ How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !
“ O how divine ! to tread the Milky Way,
“ To the bright palace of the Lord of day ; 370
“ His court admire, or for his favour sue,
“ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
“ Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
“ While I long vigils to its founder keep !
“ Canst thou not shake the centre ? Oh, control,
“ Subdue, by force, the rebel in my soul. 375
“ Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
“ Restrain the various tumults of my blood :
“ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaunting pain, 380
“ O may I pant for thee in each desire !
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
“ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
“ Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies !
“ At the great day of recompence behold, 385
“ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !

“ Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 “ From age to age my greatful song repeat;
 “ My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, see,
 “ And rival angels in the praise of thee.” 390

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
 Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret. *Ovid Met.*

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
 And all the horrors of the world below,
 I next presume to sing. What yet remains 5
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains;
 And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles; she's inflam'd, so near the goal;
 She mounts: she gains upon the starry pole; 10
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
 And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
 Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp dispals,
 And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
 The triumph rings! archangels shout around! 15
 And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
 Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
 Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
 So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20
 Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25
 The seal is broken, and a groan is hear'd.
 And thou, my soul! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there

See on the left (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand) 30
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death in every face and mien?
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll, 35
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul:
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair,
 Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind. 40

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
 Divided far, thy wretched self alone 45
 Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,
 How would it wound? what millions wouldst thou
 For one more trial, one day more to live? [give
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace, 50
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant Beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love! 60
 To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn,
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust? 65
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, [nigh,
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein, 71
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late, 75
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, vain-glorious Muse! and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair, 80
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd;
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low, 85
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;
All lost? all undistinguish'd? nowhere found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace found? 90

That hour, on which the Almighty King, on high,
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd, 95
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the Saviour's blood itself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display, 100
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heaven's high gates when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God. 105
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
 O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey, 110
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey:
 The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
 And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race, 115
 Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
 The whole creation swims before my sight;
 I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
 Say not 'tis distant; I behold it now:
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, 120
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe,
 That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
 “ Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save, 125
 “ But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,
 “ Our only song; black fire's malignant light 130
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those powers Heaven gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe; 135
 “ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 “ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 “ And with existence only measure pain?
 “ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n, 140
 “ No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
 “ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
 “ Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?

“ Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to hell?
 “ Th' expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal? 145
 “ Have I not been industrious to provoke?
 “ From his embraces obstinately broke?

- “ Pursu’d and panted for his mortal hate,
 “ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate ?
 “ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim ? 150
 “ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning flame ;
 “ Just is my lot—but, oh ! must it transcend
 “ The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
 “ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise, 154
 “ Where Thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies.
 “ Never ! where falls the soul at that dread sound ?
 “ Down an abyfs how dark, and how profound !
 “ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
 “ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
 “ My plunge but still begun—and this for sin ? 160
 “ Could I offend if I had never been,
 “ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
 “ Flow’d in the stream, or shiver’d in the grass ?
 “ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
 “ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth ? 165
 “ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 “ And make a thankless present of thy light !
 “ Push into being a reverse of thee,
 “ And animate a clod with misery ? 169
 “ The beasts are happy ; they come forth, and keep
 “ Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep :
 “ Pain is for man ; and, oh ! how vast a pain
 “ For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
 “ Annull’d his groans, as far as in them lay,
 “ And flung his agonies and death away ? 175
 “ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 “ Our constitution too for ever young,
 “ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,
 “ Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;
 “ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d ! 180
 “ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !
 “ And this, my Help ! my God ! at thy decree ?
 “ Nature is chang’d, and hell should succour me.
 “ And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 “ And see me plunging in the dark abyfs ? 185
 “ Calling thee Father in a sea of fire ?
 “ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?

" With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
 " Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro, 190
 " Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
 " Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
 " On me almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back thy thunders, Lord! hold in thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage: 195
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
 " But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
 " Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence, 200
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
 " Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God! at least
 " This one, this slender, almost no request;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When Torment is grown weary of its prey, 205
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Tho' loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns 210
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain;
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er; 215
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of their thrones above,
 Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply, 220
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
 Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth; 225
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty King;

To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I begin let others end ;
My strength exhauſting, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And Nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball ;
Sharp lightning with the meteors' blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire : 241
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And ſpiry flames dart thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light ? 245
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T'enrage the flame ; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows thro' the ſky :
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend, 250
Cities and deſerts in one ruin blend ;
Here blazing volumes, waſted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm ;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills. 255

Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack ? that ſound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook ? [broke
What wonders muſt that groan of Nature tell ?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,
Which ſeem'd, above the reach of Fate to ſtand 260
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand,
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.

Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the fever'd ball 265
Have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,

Once call'd Britannia ; can her glories end ?
 And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?
 Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas ! 270
 Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound ?
 Or, where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?
 Where stretch'd waste Lybia ? where did India's store
 Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore ? 275
 Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :
 Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
 And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies, 280
 Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies ;
 All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
 All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring rage ; the flakes aspire, 285
 And catch the clouds, and make the heaven's their
 The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away ; [prey ;
 All, all is lost ; no monument, no sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
 So bubbles on the foaming stream expire, 290
 So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
 The devastations of one dreadful hour
 The great Creator's six days work devour :
 A mighty, mighty ruin ! yet one soul
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ; 295
 Exalted in superior excellence,
 Casts down to nothing such a vast expence.

Have ye not seen the eternal mountain's nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
 What strange surprises thro' all nature ran ? 300
 For whom these revolutions but for man ?
 For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him thro' all eternity awakes ;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky. 305

Think deeply then, O Man ! how great thou art ;
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;

What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast, 310
 And gaze and wonder there, a ravish'd guest;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright! 315
 Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
 There buds the promise of celestial worth!
 Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate, 320
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
 Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,
 Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon' radiant orb, proud regent of the sky: 325
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one eternal day. 327



LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In Seven Characteristical Satires.

-----Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis *Hor.*

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public, or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire: all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver composition: ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this rea-

son, because, what men aim at by them is generally public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cause of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when the author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master. He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, Pressness, particularly: whereas it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire: you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of com-

position : Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior**.

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bæotia, which was the land of oracles, for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an imposter, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humorists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all Antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. "Love (says he) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant begger of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him." This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relation.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess she might have much more of the father than the mother, especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

-----Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. *Juv. Sat. 10.*

MY verse is Satire; Dorset! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear;
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praise, 5
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B———e, or to me,
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you. 10

Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land, 15
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit; 20
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leaving of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease? 26
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white?
Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post? 30
Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?

Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain? 36

Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison is fled!

Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run, 40

He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,

The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread, 45
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me on the brink from writing ill?

'Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise? 50

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells, 55
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:

'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:

Here to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at P——y's eloquence: 60

It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in fable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see 65
So many like himself in high degree:

The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;

And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. 70

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went :
 One way they look, another way they steer,
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down, 75
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look
 When they have got their picture tow'rd's a book,
 Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
 Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine. 80

If at his title T——had dropp'd his quill,
 T——might have pass'd for a great genius still.
 But T——alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious, some a classic fame demand, 85
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
 A wagon-load of meanings for one word,
 While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote, 90
 To patchwork learn'd quotations are ally'd ;
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer ?
 Did ever di'mond cost a man so dear ?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain, 95
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;
 And (stranger still !) of blockheads' flattery,
 Who praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face to make it clean. 100

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,
 Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
 What can she not perform ? the love of Fame
 Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame ;
 Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep ; 105
 And (stronger still !) made Alexander weep :
 Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
 Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen. 110

By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
 Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
 It makes Globose a speaker in the House;
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse:
 It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail, 115
 And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
 Unpeople courts, and leave the senate thin?
 My growing subject seems but just begun,
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
 To take a catalogue of British fools.
 Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
 A knave or fool should perish in each line;
 Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead, 125
 And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
 To quality belongs the highest place.
 My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
 Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room: 130
 He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
 By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
 Above the man by three descents less wise?
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave, 135
 You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
 Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;
 Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great!
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate. 140
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
 Slight or important, only by their place?
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise; 145
 The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
 Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
 Like thee in worth hereditary shine. 150

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone :
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swim into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate, 155
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils cause,
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws. 160

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd ;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;
But builds himself a name ; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !
In cost and grandeur C——dos he'll out do ; 165
And, B——i——ton, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;
When, lo ! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns. 170

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate ?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame ; 175
Not domes but antique statues, are his flame :
Not F——t——n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P——b——ke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold !)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180

“ No, Sirs,” he cries ; “ I'll sooner rot in jail :
“ Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail ?”
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh :
His daughter starves ; but Cleopatra's * safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate, 185
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit :
The rich may be polite ; but oh ! tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.

* A famous statue.

By your revenue measure your expence,
 And to your funds and acres join your sense. 190
 No man is blest'd by accident or guess;
 True wisdom is the price of happiness;
 Yet few without long discipline are sage,
 And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
 But how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long 195
 The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
 Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
 "What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
 One is just out, and one as lately in. 200
 "How comes it then to pass we see preside
 "On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
 As in its home it triumphs in high place, 205
 And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
 Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
 Like Moses', into serpents in their hands. 210
 These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
 With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
 To boast of merely being out or in.
 What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
 To seem the most transported things alive? 216
 As if by joy desert was understood,
 And all the fortunate were wise and good.
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220
 Completely dress'd by Monteuil* and grimace,
 They take their birthday suit, and public face:
 Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
 Put off at night, with Lady B—'s hair:
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad? 225
 With anxious care they labour to be glad.

* A famous tailor.

What numbers here would into fame advance,
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day? 230

That wheel of fops! that faunter of the Town!
 Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
 Fools grin on fools, and, Stoick-like, support,
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
 Courts can give nothing to the wise and good 235
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.

High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
 None think the great unhappy but the great:
 Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king. 240

I envy none their pageantry and show;
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.
 Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
 And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care, 245
 No well bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
 The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest'd;
 On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
 In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows: 250
 But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
 In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still:
 Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
 In her own native soil, the drawing room.

The squire is proud to see his courfers strain, 255
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
 Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back) 260
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
 Nor envies when a gipsy you commit, 265
 And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;

When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view. 270

Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates,
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates,
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scr—pe discreetly bend, 275
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the Town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass? 280

Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad? 286

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE II.

MY Muse! proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.

Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line.

Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose? 5
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.

When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most illnature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write. 10

So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.

Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

45

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown, * ;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? to make Paul Diack* rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
O solid blifs! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C—! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

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Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name; †
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want amusement, and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?

* This refers to the First Satire

† The name of a tulip.

What's he who fights for wealth, or fame, or pow'r ?
 Another Florio doting on a flow'r ;
 A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung 55
 From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus ! is thy fancy smit ?
 The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
 Thy gaudy shelves with crimson binding glow
 And Epictetus is a perfect beau. 60
 How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view ?
 Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
 And T—n, turn'd upholsterer, send home 65
 The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
 Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
 Or is at best a secondary aim,
 A chase for sport alone, and not for game. 70
 If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
 But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent ;
 His farms were flown ; when, lo ! a sale comes on, 75
 A choice collection ! what is to be done ?
 He sells his last, for he the whole will buy ;
 Sells ev'n his house ; nay, wants whereon to lie :
 So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
 For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran. 80
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
 Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark. [clerk,
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone 85
 Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown :
 Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what Codrus would be thought ;
 And to this cost another must succeed,
 To pay a sage who says that he can read ; 90
 Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
 But leaves to——what lies between

Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O——! whose accomplishments make good 95
The promise of a large-illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity. 100

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius limit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool, 105
For tho' he is a wit he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.

He spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind. 110

What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, goodnature is ador'd; 115
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak, or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set: 120

Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The same men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit, 125
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious letters* came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave; 130

* Letters sent to the Author signed Marcus.

For all but such with caution I forbore;
 That thou wast either I ne'er knew before:
 I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
 No mask so good but Marcus must shine thro';
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell; 135
 Thy best concealment had been writing well:
 But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
 Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who pardons disappoints his foe. 140

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
 Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:
 When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
 In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
 Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave make less, 145
 Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are awake.
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—"He's a wit" 150
 Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite
 To cacodemons, say they're devilish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
 Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his grief? one carries in his head 155
 A less proportion of the father's lead,
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn; 160
 Some stupid, plodding, money loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son, 165
 And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
 One learns to lisp, another not to see:
 Miss D—, tottering, catches at your hand;
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand 170

Whilst these what Nature gave disown, thro' pride
 Others effect what Nature has deny'd ;
 What Nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
 As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport ! 175
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support :
 He hems, and cries, with an important air,
 " It yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair :"
 Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
 And adds, " The learn'd delight in something new."
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read, 181
 But must he wisely look, and gravely plead ?
 As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
 In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men, 185
 Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off nonsense with a better grace ;
 As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark ! where pins are to be sold. 190

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?
 The body's wisdom to conceal the mind,
 A man of sense can artifice disdain,
 As men of wealth my venture to go plain ;
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot, 195
 Solemnity's a cover for a sot.

I find the fool when I behold the skreen,
 For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen,

Hence,——, that openness of heart,
 And just disdain for that poor mimic art ; 200
 Hence (manly praise !) that manner, nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft' hast thou survey'd
 Of court and town the noontide masquerade,
 Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a naked face ? 206
 Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to conceal the mind ;
 Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
 And he who trusts a brother is undone ? 210

These all their care expend on outward show
 For wealth and fame ; for fame alone the beau.
 Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
 How blank his look ? how discompos'd his mien ?
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign ! 215
 Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
 His health was mended with a silver lace.
 A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils ; 220
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
 His sumptuous watchcase, tho' conceal'd it lies, 225
 Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)
 St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.

Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye, 230
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart ?
 But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.
 So have I seen, on some bright summer's day, 235
 A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
 Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd : 240
 Nor sublunary chance his vestments fear,
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.
 A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe :
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?) 245
 Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame ;
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent :
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,

“ And glory at one entrance, quite shut out*.” 250

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;

This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:

Thus in each other, both these fools despise

Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;

Their methods various, but alike their aim; 255

The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,

When party-rage too warmly you pursue;

Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride

And folly joins whom sentiments divide. 260

You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,

Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,

While both are one, and henceforth be it known,

Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ But who art thou?” methinks Florello cries; 265

“ Of all thy species art thou only wise?”

Since smallest things can give our fins a twitch,

As crossing straws retard a passing witch,

Florello! thou my monitor shalt be,

I’ll conjure thus some profit out of thee. 270

O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,

And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:

Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,

And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;

And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose? 275

Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,

Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?

While I a moment name, a moment’s past;

I’m nearer death in this verse than the last: 280

What then is to be done? be wise with speed:

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?

How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime, 285

But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,

That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,

Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour? 288

* Milton.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have fought
 To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see,
 Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
 For whose the present glory or the gain?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame;
 Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the malice of a friend;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
 When wanted Britain bright examples more?
 Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
 And dark and cold are her declining days;
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live on alms of ages past.
 Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
 Or if they fail, they justly still take place
 Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with improvements of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
 And from four critics vindicate the Mule.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'Tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
 For grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
 As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name? 40
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his fable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding cries, 45
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye Doctors sage! who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night: 50
Another judges by a surer guage,
An author's principles or parentage:
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.

Another judges by the writer's look; 55
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame. 60
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state:
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry 65
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste, 70
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:

Their various cares in one great point combine 75
 The bus'ness of their lives, that is—to dine.
 Half of their precious day they give the feast,
 And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
 Apicius, here, the taster of the Town,
 Feeds twice a-week to settle their renown. 80

These worthies of the palate guard with care
 The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
 In those choice books their panegyrics read,
 And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
 If man by feeding well commences great, 85
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
 Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
 They know a thousand lords behind their backs. 90

Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
 And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
 Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone 95
 To covet shame still greater than his own.

Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
 Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name; 100
 Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
 And takes a memorandum to forget.

Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
 Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays, 105
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
 When those who bring that incense we despise?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all. 110

Nor can ev'n satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of fools to stock the continent.

Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow,
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram. 120
When, cloy'd in fury I throw down my pen,
In'comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tytirus, with merriment possess'd,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest :
What need he stay ? for when the joke is o'er, 125
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye Fair ! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth ?

Some vain of paintings, bid the world admire ;
Of houses some ; nay, houses that they hire : 130
Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous wife.
And boasts, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs ;
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears ;
Then, stranger still ! on turning of the wind, 235
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it too ? 140

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, He's exact in great. 146

"My style," says he, "is rude and full of faults,"
"But, oh ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !"
That he wants algebra he must confess ;

"But not a soul to give our arms success." 150

"Ah ! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries ;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack ;

"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny : 155
Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er Vincenna ! could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong : 160

Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenues wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedient for renown ? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake ; 165

Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign ;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great 170

With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm,

Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.

Already this thy fortune can afford, 175
Then starve without the favour of my lord.

'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err :

From caprice, not from choice, their favours come ;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom : 180

The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance ;
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.

If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court Philander, at his need, 185
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed :

Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess'd :
Philander thou art exquisitely bless'd :

The public envy ! now, then, 'tis allow'd
The man is found who may be justly proud : 190

But, see ! how sickly is Ambition's taste ?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast ;

For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well:
Away the disenchanting fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother tongue. 201

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereffes outshine:
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay. 206

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene;
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done. 210

"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well. 215

Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve: 220
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice 225
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted Town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice. 230
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,

Of minor prophets, a succession sure, 235
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth? 240
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings!

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please: [these
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou, 245
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.

How terrible it were to common sense
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me? 250

The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price? 255
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If bless'd with pliant, tho' but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face. 260

A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain, 265
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd, 270
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear:
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near. 274

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
 And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
 So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be,
 (O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
 Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside, 5
 Their dignity to raise, their councils guide:
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
 And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
 Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
 The crown's assertor, and the people's friend: 10
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
 To listen to the labours of the Muse;
 Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
 And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won, 15
 The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
 Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
 Devotes his service to the state and crown:
 All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves;
 Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves: 20
 But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
 He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
 What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
 Knows for each day the weather of our fate: 25
 A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use;
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?
 Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
 Since steeds of genius are expert at put, 30
 Since half the senate Not Content can say,
 Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel kings?
 An incapacity for smaller things.
 Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate, 35
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still :
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
 At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot : 40
 Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul :
 To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his tender reason with the creed :
 Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies, 45
 Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison ; good estates are bad
 For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
 And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief ? 50
 While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous force ;
 But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.
 Such useful instruments the weather show,
 Just as their Meucury is high or low.
 Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark. 55
 A fever argues better than a Clarke :
 Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
 The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray :
 While C—— mourns, with an unfeign'd zeal,
 Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well. 60

C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
 He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed ;
 But only thinks so : to give both their due,
 Satan and he believe and tremble too.
 Of some for glory such the boundless rage, 65
 That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims :
 Nay, a Free-mason with some terror names ;
 Omits no duty ; nor can Envy say
 He mis'd, these many years, the church or play : 70
 He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true,
 But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due :
 His character and gloves are ever clean,
 And then he can out-bow the bowing Dean :
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears, 75
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.

In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of idleness beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the Town his face,
 For ornament in ev'ry public place :
 As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
 And is the furniture of drawing rooms :
 When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
 Narcissus is the glory of his race,
 For who does nothing with a better grace?

80

85

To deck my list by Nature were design'd
 Such shining expletives of humankind.
 Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
 Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

90

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
 Some for renown are singular and odd ;
 What other men dislike is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear antipodes :
 Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.
 Arb—t is a fool, and F—a sage,
 S—ly will fright you, E—— engage :
 By Nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones moun-, and S——x is the worst of friends.
 They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush if you surprise them in the right ;
 If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Q——y is fair.

95

100

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out ;
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
 Tho' wrong the mode, comply : more sense is shewn
 In wearing others' follies than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 That S——, the foremost toyman of his time ?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,

105

110

115

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore! 120
 He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin
 That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

“ Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 “ Since that great plague that swept as many more,
 “ Was ever year unblest'd as this?” he'll cry, 125
 “ It has not brought us one new butterfly!”
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
 Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
 But in effect his chase is much the same: 130
 Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
 Staunch to the foot of title and estate:
 Where'er their lordships go, they never find
 Or Lico or their shadows lag behind;
 He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run, 135
 Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;
 As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance from place to place
 The Dane* is more familiar with his Grace. 140

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
 Or living pendent dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the Town!
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace, 145
 Still to reflect the temper of his face?
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll or thump it for his better ease? 150
 Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
 His lordship's jest, or, if his nose broke wind?

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.

For blessings to the gods profoundly bow, 155
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough ?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close ?
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?
The men of ink, or ancient authors, lie ; 160
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold ;
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame their everlasting boast :
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest, 165
As her old constant spark, the bard profess.

“ B—le shines in council, M——t in the fight,
“ P—l—m's magnificent, but I can write,
“ And what to my great soul like glory dear ?”
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear, 170
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is ate :
Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah ! what avails it, when his dinner's lost, 175
That his triumphant name adorns a post ?
Or that his shining page (provoking Fate)
Defends sirloins, which sons of Dullness eat ?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears, 180
When the poor Muse, for less than half a-crown,
A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in Town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint ?

Ye Bards ! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd ? 185
Ye Bards ! why will you starve to be admir'd ?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press ?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead. 190

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg ;
A barren label, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.

Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend ; 195
 Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.

“ Is't then a crime to write ? ” — If talent rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear :

For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen : 200

Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support ;
 Who serve unask'd, the least pretence to wit,
 My sole excuse, alas ! for having writ.

A—le true wit is studious to restore, 205
 And D—t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before ;
 P—ke in years the long lov'd arts admires,
 And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But ah ! not inspiration can obtain
 That fame which poets languish for in vain. 210
 How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp what no man can possess alive ?
 Fame's a reversion in which men take place
 (O late reversion !) at their own decease.

This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well, 215
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth fantastic poets cry ;
 That wealth is fame, another can reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
 And swell in just proportion to their bags. 220

Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the beams of gold ;
 The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,
 Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
 From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum, 225
 And starves to join a penny to a plumb.

A beardless miser ! 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band
 Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land. 230
 For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies ;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
 No rival can prevail, — but half-a-crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made :
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd :
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain ;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

240

“ Who'd be a slave ? ” the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,— for he will not fight.

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place :
But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms clime o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

245

250

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

255

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known ;
Augustus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

260

262



LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
 Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost!-----

Milton.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
 Soft female hearts the rude invader own:
 But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
 Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
 Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
 Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
 Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
 Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

5

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame,
 Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme;
 A theme fair — ! doubly kind to me,
 Since satirizing those is praising thee;
 Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
 A panegyric of a grosser kind.

10

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
 Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
 Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
 To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight:
 As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
 Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
 Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
 Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
 Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
 And fortuneteller's caves and lions' dens;
 Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawingrooms,
 Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
 Tumblers and funerals, puppetshows, reviews,
 Sales, races, rabates, (and, still stranger!) pews.

20

25

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
 And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;

30

Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,
 Like April suns, dives into clouds again :
 With all her lustre now her lover warms,
 Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
 'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain, 35
 And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
 Then she starts up all ecstasy and bliss,
 And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this.
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight !
 And looks delightfully with all her might ! 40
 But, like our heroes, much more brave than wife,
 She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows,
 Without she freezes, and within she glows :
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd, 45
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
 She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
 In——Cleopatra, or the last new play.
 Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
 Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face. 50

Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
 Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company ;
 Whose manners will not let her larum cease ;
 Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace ;
 To find you news who racks her subtle head, 55
 And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear :
 In that the skill of conversation lies ;
 That shews or makes you both polite and wise. 60

Xantippe cries, “ Let nymphs who nought can say
 “ Be lost in silence, and resign the day ;
 “ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
 “ By tame behaviour and a soft address.”

Thro' virtue she refuses to comply 65
 With all the dictates of humanity ;
 Thro' wisdom she refuses to submit
 To Wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit ;
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain; 70

But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame, 75
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice : 80
Doubly, like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an number'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong. 86

What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state?

What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate?

If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;

We make misfortune; suicides in woe. 90

Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!

Is Nature backward to torment or kill?

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,

(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,

On Folly's errands as we vainly roam, 95

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,

Few know so many friends alive as dead;

Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase

We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace; 100

Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,

Join night to day, and Sunday to the week:

Our very joys are anxious, and expire

Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil? 105

But one; a female friend's endearing smile;

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,

And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,

Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye; 110

Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue ;
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods and fields their glory they complete ; 115
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate ;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed ; 120
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng, 125
With what an air she smacks the silken thong ?
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains :
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please : 130
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns ;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains :
With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits, 135
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits :
Of each performance she's the final test ;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the Town—she's fair. 140
Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease !
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But hold, she cries, Lampooner ! have a care, 145
Must I want common sense because I'm fair !
O no : see Stella ; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right :
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire : 150

How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair
 Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
 Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might ; 155
 The youth in person and in parts was bright ;
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart :
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd : 160
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
 Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town :
 The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, Threescore.
 The fatal sequel I, thro' shame forbear. 165
 Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair !

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
 Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights,
 But fools create themselves new appetites. 170
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
 When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
 In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In Fancy's airy land of noise and show, 175
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow,
 Like cats in airpumps, to subsist we strive
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :
 He comes ; but where's his patient ? at the ball. 180
 The doctor stares ; her woman curt'sies low,
 And cries, " My lady, Sir, is always so :
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
 " True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night :
 " I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune) 185
 " For fevers take an opera in June :
 " And tho', perhaps, you'll think the practice bold,
 " A midnight Park is sov'reign for a cold :
 " With cholics breakfasts of green fruit agree,
 " With indigestions supper just at three." 190

A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

195

Alas, my Heart! how! languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.

200

Is her lord angry, or has Veny *chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
“Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white.”
Why went she not to bed? “Because 'twas night.”
Did she then dance, or play? “Nor this nor that.”

Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

206

“No, all alone her pray'rs she rather chose,
“Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose.”

Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed:

210

This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again:

215

Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

220

But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

225

How gay they smile? Such blessings Nature pours,
O'er-stock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:

In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
 She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green :
 Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace, 331
 And waste their music on the savage race .
 Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss ?
 Repine we guiltless in a world like this ?
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse, 235
 And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuse.
 Such Fulvia's passion for the Town : fresh air
 (An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;
 Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things ; 240
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight,
 And to be press'd to death transports her quite :
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
 And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
 Black kennels' absent odours she regrets, 245
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.
 Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene ?
 Or is the public to the private scene ?
 Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,
 Thro' briers and brambles in the world we stray ; 250
 Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
 And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
 Which choke our passage, our career control,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred Solitude ! divine retreat ! 255
 Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid ;
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth !) are Innocence and Peace : 260
 There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
 There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,
 This life we relish, and ensure the next :
 There, too, the Muses sport : these numbers free, 265
 Pierian Eastbury ! I owe to thee.
 There sport the Muses, but not there alone ;
 Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town.



YOUNG'S POEMS.

But if by chance an ill adapted word,
Drops from the lip of her unvary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Vide Love of Fame Satires Vol. III. Page 6. Line 71.

Drawn by R. B. Gould. Ornamented by R. W. Satchwell. Engraved by C. Warren for C. Cooke Oct. 23. 1799.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;
 A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit : 270
 Both wits ! tho' miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wondrous days ! they liv'd in peace ;
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
 On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose.
 The learned war both wage with equal force, 275
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in happiness ;
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
 Content with pains since they're reputed joys. 280
 With what well-acted transport will she say,
 " Well, sure we were so happy yesterday !
 " And then that charming party for to-morrow !"
 Tho' well she knows t'will languish into sorrow :
 But she dares never boast the present hour ; 285
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r :
 For such is or our weakness or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse.
 The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own. 290

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
 Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains ; 295
 What is it but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine. 300
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears :
 She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd :
 The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
 (Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd. 306
 " What miracle," says Strephon, " makes thee weep ?"
 " Ah barb'rous man, she cries, how could you—sleep ?"

Men love a mistress as they love a feast ;
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste ? 310
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day
 We wish our mistress and our meat away :
 But soon the fated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :
 Eternal love let man, then, never swear ; 315
 Let women never triumph, nor despair ;
 Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill :
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind ;
 But not of that unfashionable set 321
 Is Phyllis ; Phyllis and her Damon met.
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;
 Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
 Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes, 325
 Eternal love I vow, the swain replies ;
 But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend !
 What day next week th' eternity shall end ?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
 Elope from mortal man, and range above. 330
 The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
 Where in a box the whole creation lies :
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,
 And scorns, Poitier ! thy sublunary dance :
 Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air, 335
 And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
 What vain experiments Sophronia tries !
 'Tis not in airpumps the gay col'nel dies.
 But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle Sex !) soon end her learned pains. 340
 Lo ! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To —— turn ; she never took the height
 Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right :
 She strikes each point with native force of mind, 345
 While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
 Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
 The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.

Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
 When serious easy, and when gay discreet ; 350
 In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe ;
 In crowds collected ! and in courts sincere !
 Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
 She takes a noble pride in doing good ;
 Yet not superior to her sex's cares, 355
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears :
 Of silks and china she's the last appeal ;
 In these great points she leads the commonweal ;
 And if disputes of empire rise between
 Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360
 'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! till suspended Fate
 Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
 When such her mind, why will the fair express
 Their emulation only in their dress ?

But, oh ! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
 And, gratis, clears religious mysteries, 366
 Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
 And make her family a sinecure ;
 The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
 But takes in texts of Scripture at Picquet ; 370
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
 And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
 What angels would those be, who thus excel
 In theologies, could they sew as well ?
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ? 375
 Can she more decently the doctor woo ?
 'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain, 380
 To beauteous Marcia often will repair
 With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
 O how his pious soul exults to find
 Such love for holy men in womankind ?
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he 385
 Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee ;
 Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
 Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r ?

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise: 390
By Nature more an eagle than a dove.
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour, 395
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold? 400

What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast a new,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd; 405
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The fair 'tis true by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun: 410

And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And Wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy: 414

The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this. 420

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid 425
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room!

But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs,
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs. 430
 My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style.
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
 O listen with attention most profound!
 Her voice is but a shadow of a sound.
 And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head; 440
 If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
 Let the robust, and the gigantic, crave,
 Life is not worth so much; she'd rather starve;
 But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate! 445
 That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.
 An antidote in female caprice lies
 (Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.
 Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. 450
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
 What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
 This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd, 455
 If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
 Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear. 460
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
 She, on the Christian system, is profane:
 But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her dress she's not a grenadier.
 If thunders awful, how much more our dread, 465
 When Jove deposes a lady in his stead?
 A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:
 A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence ;
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense ! 470
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd
 A violated decency now reigns,
 And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
 With Chinese painters modern toasts agree, 475
 The point they aim at is deformity :
 They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
 Across the room, and toss into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They for our manners have exchange'd their own. 480
 The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pay'd,
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.
 Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude, 485
 Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D—'s self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair ! ye bloom of Britain's isle !
 When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile, 490
 Leads on your train, and sparkles, at your head,
 What seems most hard is not to be well-bred :
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration ! give me something more, 495
 Cries Lycé, on the borders of threescore.
 Nought treads so silent at the foot of Time ;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we grow old. 500
 Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
 Memento Mori to each public place.
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms !
 While rival undertakers hover round, 505
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.

In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day ; 510
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lycé but herself is old :
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And Art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face :
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve ; 515
 We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love :
 She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
 Of prudent Portia ? her grey hairs engage, 520
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
 Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine :
 That, and that only, can old age sustain,
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
 Not num'rous are our joys when life is new, 525
 And yearly some are falling of the few :
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop apace : by Nature some decay,
 And some the blasts of Fortune sweep away ; 530
 Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now ?—But Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their early grief can view, 535
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew ?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ; 540
 Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
 Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous Orphans ! since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills ; the boldest are afraid ; 545
 Where then is safety for a tender maid ?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !

When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging; and by favours lost: 550
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
 If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies, 555
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
 Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.
 In simple manners all the secret lies; 561
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
 Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
 Affect not empty fame and idle praise, 565
 Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
 Of all applause be fondest of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
 With which the age is eminently curs'd: 570
 To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
 Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come. 574



LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit commœdia vocem.

Hor.

I SOUGHT a patroness but sought in vain ;
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—" Germain."
I know her not—" Your reason's somewhat odd ;
" Who knows his patron now ?" reply'd the god.
" Men write to me, and to the world unknown, 5
" Then steal great names to shield them from the town :
" Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
" To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.
" Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in her praise : 10
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength :
You here, in miniature, your picture see, 15
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me :
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side ;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride :
He's dear, you frugal ; chuse my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay. 20

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury-lane :
She decently, in form, pays heaven its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air, 25
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r ;
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed ;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed ;
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak ;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break ; 30

Untaught to bear it, women talk away
 To God himself, and fondly think they pray :
 But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd ;
 For they're before their Maker—and mankind.
 When ladies once are proud of praying well, 35
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;
 But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
 The very blackest tongue of Calumny, 40
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
 She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight ;
 That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no woman where there's no reserve ; 45
 And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
 And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh : 50
 “ Or if you take a lion by the beard*,
 “ Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 “ Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,”
 First make your will, and then converse with her.
 This lady glories in profuse expence, 55
 And thinks distraction is magnificence.
 To beggar her gallant is some delight ;
 To be more fatal still is exquisite.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
 In duel fell two lovers ; one run mad. 60
 Her foes their honest execrations pour ;
 Her lovers only should detest her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And gen'rously supports him in his want :
 But marriage is a fether, is a snare, 65
 A hell no lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant ; and with pains
 Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains ;

* Shakespeare.

Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed, 70

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint :
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint ;
Her soul superior flies formality :
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not overgood— 75
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.

Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs :
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant pray'rs :
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity. 80
And this, to do her justice, must be said,

“ Who would not think that Abra was a maid ? ”

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before, 85

Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore :
Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
She weds an idiot ; but she eats in plate. 90

The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness ;
The rude material : wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss ;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need, 95
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest'd with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence ; 100
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.

With understanding she is quite o'errun,
And by too great accomplishments undone :
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue, 105
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty :

Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay. 110

For pleasure form'd, preverfely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence; 115
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace :
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd. 120

"How charming this?"—The pleasure lasted long ;
Now ev'ry day the fits come thick and strong :
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.

What greater vengeance have the gods in store ! 125

How tedious life now she can plague no more ?

She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed ;

She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed :

Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life. 130

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :

Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,

Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.

His wounded ears complaints eternal fill, 135

As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.

"You went last night with Celia to the ball."

You prove it false. "Not go ! that's worst of all."

Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,

And arrant contradictions are the same. 140

Her lover must be sad to please her spleen ;

His mirth is an inexpressible sin ;

For of all rivals that can pain her breast,

There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest ;

To wreck her quiet the most dreadful shelf 145

Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair :

Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare ?

How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd ? and yet the case is clear. 150

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine ?

They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
The body charms, because the soul is seen :

Hence men are often captives of a face, 155
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.

Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear ?

Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,

Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read, 160

Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,

But to be teas'd by her own excellence.

" Folks are so awkward ! things so unpolite ! "

She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.

Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes : 165

Each creature's imperfections are her woes.

Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress'd,

And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest'd.

Ah ! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,

Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing ? 170

Old age will come ; disease may come before ;

Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.

Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay ;

But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes, 175

Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;

Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine ;

The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,

And knows her wiser husband is a fool ; 180

Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread

That guides the lover to his fair one's bed ;

For difficult amours can smoothe the way,

And tender letters dictate or convey ;

But if depriv'd of such important cares, 185

Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,

Nor take her tea without a stratagem ;

Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

190

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain :
Their prudence in a share of folly lies :
Why will they be so weak as to be wise ?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames ;
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong ;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

195

Brunetta's wife in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care ;
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

205

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree :
Unlac'd her stays, her nightgown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside :
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face :
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves :
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'd,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.

210

215

Lovers ! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail ?
For H——y the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——d ! the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town ?
Woman were made to give our eyes delight :

220

225

A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is the eternal theme :

Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she'll say,
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day" 230
 When most the world applauds you, most beware
 'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
 Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
 And dread e'en there to find a flatterer,
 The breath of others raises our renown ; 235
 Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
 Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most deserve can't always most engage. 240
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it should procure.
 Whom praise we most ? the virtuous, brave, and wise ?
 No ; wretches whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind as not to see the cause ? 245
 No rivals rais'd by such discreet applause ;
 And yet of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all :
 Can women then no way but backward fall ? 250
 So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss they think all others few.
 Who hold that crime so dear must never claim
 Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus : " What ! railing without end ? 255
 " Mean task ! how much more gen'rous to commend ?"
 Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind instructor, and example too.
 " Daphnis," says Clio, " has a charming eye ;
 " What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry ; 260
 " Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then her air—
 " The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 " Almeria's wit has something that's divine,
 " And wit's enough—how few in all things shine ?
 " Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor— 265
 " Who was it said Selina's near threescore ?
 " At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice ;
 " The world congratulates so wise a choice ;

“ His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—

“ But mortgages will sap the best estate. 270

“ In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,

“ But then—she has a freckle on her ear.”

Without a but, Hortensia she commends,

The first of women, and the best of friends :

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright : 275

But how comes this to pass ?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail :

Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.

And whence such praise ? our virulence is thrown

On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own. 280

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,

For are not coronets akin to crowns ?

Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,

The height of avarice and pride confess.

You seek perfections worthy of her rank ; 285

Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.

By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,

For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold :

As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,

And quite as much detested as a wit. 290

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?

Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine ?

Wisdom to gold prefer for 'tis much less

To make our fortune than our happiness :

That happiness which great ones often see, 295

With rage and wonder, in a low degree,

Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor ;

But what are they who droop amid their store ?

Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.

The happy only are the truly great. 300

Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,

And those best satisfy'd with cheapest things.

Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,

Our envy would be due to large expence :

Since not, those pomps which to the great belong, 305

Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.

See how they beg an alms of Flattery :

They languish ! oh, support them with a lie !

A decent competence we fully taste ;
 It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast : 310
 More we perceive by dint of thought alone :
 The rich must labour to possess their own,
 To feel their great abundance, and request
 Their humble friends to help them to be blest ;
 To see their treasures, hear their glory told, 315
 And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth di-
 Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine. [vine,
 All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
 Grand reservoirs of public happiness, 321
 Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless,
 And while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
 But Satire is my task, and these destroy 325
 Her gloomy province and malignant joy,
 Help me, ye Misers ! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, G———n :
 But our invectives must despair success,
 For next to praise she values nothing less. 330

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame ?
 Or is't Asturia ! that affected dame.
 The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
 To strange new things, which Nature never made.
 Frown not, ye Fair ! so much your sex we prize, 335
 We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
 In Albucinda's native grace is seen
 What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
 Retain your gentle selves, and you must please. 340
 Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
 And all the movements of the soft machine ;
 How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
 To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau ;
 While one white finger and a thumb conspire 345
 To lift the cup, and make the world admire.
 Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream !
 As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.

What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What shades of mighty names which once have been!
 An hecatomb of character supplies 351
 Thy painted altar' daily sacrifice.

H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decays,
 As grains of finest sugar melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste : 355
 Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
 Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea ! 360
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
 And who dare gives Citrionia's nose the lie* ?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd,
 At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass 365
 Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious, as the British queen renown'd
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind. 370

O Juvenal ! for thy severer rage !
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our isle,
 Such faults at which it is a fault to smile ?
 There are : Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd, 375
 And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd ;
 Without thin Decency held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives ; 380
 Who marry to be free, to range the more,
 And wed one man to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek ! 385
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek !

*-----Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat !

Virg.

Their passions bear it with a lofty hand !
 But then their reason is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife. 390
 Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask what kindred is a spouse to them ?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see !
 And misses, ancient in iniquity !
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaming ! 395
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming !
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times, 400
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
 Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell, 406
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
 Who listens less to C—ns than St. Paul.
 Atheists have been but rare : since Nature's birth,
 Till now, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth. 410
 Ye men of deep researches ! say whence springs
 This daring character in, tim'rous things ?
 Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
 A match for nothing but—the deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own, 415
 In this pursuit they court not Fame alone,
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 " From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 In complaisance to all the fools in Town. [down,
 O how they tremble at the name of prude ! 421
 And die with shame at thought of being good !
 For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say ?
 They Heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave, 425
 Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.

With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Rise then, my Muse! in honest fury, rise;

They dread a satire who defy the skies. 430

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.

From Atheists far, they steadfastly believe

God is, and is almighty—to forgive.

His other excellence they'll not dispute; 435

But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.

Shall pleasures of a short duration chain

A lady's soul in everlasting pain?

Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,

For now and then a sip of transient joy? 440

No, he's for ever in a smiling mood:

He's like themselves, or how could he be good?

And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—

Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,

The pure! the just! and set, up in his stead, 445

A deity that's perfectly well-bred.

“Dear T—l—n! be sure the best of men;

“Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.

“Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd

“Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be fav'd. 450

“Let priests do something for their one in ten;

“It is their trade; so far they're honest men.

“Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,

“And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;

“Fright us with terrors of a world unknown, 455

“For joys of this, to keep them all their own.

“Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;

“But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.

“Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;

“Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?” 460

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,

And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain,

Nature disjoins the beauteous and prophane.

For what's true beauty but fair Virtue's face? 465

Virtue made visible in outward grace?

She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! *Quadrille** has murder'd Sleep.
"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there 471
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
Now let a daughter, and now stake a son; 476
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
And beggar half their race—thro' charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight; 480
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime, 485
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good; 490
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band, 495
A form divine high wave her snowy hand,
That rattles loud a small enchanting box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks:
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From *Æolus's* cave impetuous broke, 500
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heaven alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
 Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. 506
 Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
 Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aching head, 510
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
 Imaginary ruins charm her still:
 Her happy lord's cuckolded by Spadil;
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one 515
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror and of wild despair!
 Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat? 520
 Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
 Why pale distraction thro' the family?
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
 Why that gay son to distant regions sent? 525
 What fiend that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
 O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from my theme?
 Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame? 530
 Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd
 'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
 Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said, in honour of our times, 535
 That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
 Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.
 Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
 Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r? 540
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
 Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?
 When you're enamour'd of a lift or cast,
 What can the preacher more to make us chaste?

Why must strong youths unmarried pine away ; 545

They find no woman disengag'd—from play.

Why pine the marry'd ?—O severer fate !

They find from play no disengag'd—estate.

Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd, and hard,

Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card. 550

Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age ;

Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,

While death stands by but till the game is done,

To sweep that stake, in justice long his own :

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire, 555

Or like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye Gods ! with new delights inspire the fair,

Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose : 560

Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,

In spite of all our wisdom you'll proceed.

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.

I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd." 565

When you chastise who would not kiss the rod ?

But I've a charm your anger shall control,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light,

That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight. 570

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe ?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law ;

'Midst empires charms how Carolina's heart

Glow with the love of virtue and of art !

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree, 575

Excess of goodness ! it has dawn'd on me.

When in my page to balance num'rous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,

She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew

From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew. 580

Thus the majestic mother of mankind*,

To her own charms most amiably blind,

On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave. 586

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.

Virg.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:
 To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory which thy counsels make so bright; 5
 That glory which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
 To give and take a lustre from the throne.
 Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream. 10
 How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
 This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
 Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless, 15
 For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
 (A bad effect but from a pleasing cause!)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace. 20
 While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
 Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again, 25
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind ;
 Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd ; 30
 But daring men there are (awake, my Muse!
 And raise thy verse !) who bolder frenzy chuse ;
 Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,
 The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride, 35
 With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
 Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !
 Stand fast, Olympus ! and sustain his nod,
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains. 40
 What slaughter'd hosts ! what cities in a blaze !
 What wasted countries ! and what crimson seas !
 With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise 45
 The boast'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?
 Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
 Or famine or volcano ? they perform
 Their mighty deeds ; they hero-like, can slay,
 And spread their ample deserts in a day. 50
 O great alliance ! O divine renown !
 With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
 When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law, 55
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,
 A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave ! 61
 A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This human chaos, carry smiles away ?
 How did my heart with indignation rise ! 65
 How honest Nature swell'd into my eyes !
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, fame and triumph, made !

How guilty these? yet not less guilty they
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way; 70
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
 Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
 Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
 All real kindness for the shew discard, 75
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
 Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
 "With open arms their enemies embrace;"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
 "The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
 Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd, 81
 And in their height of kindness are unkind.
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
 Walpole! when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ, 85
 Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
 Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
 May furnish laughter for another year. 90
 Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well abus'd
 With patience wait, and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell 95
 How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid. 100

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run, 205
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
 And e'en denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes. 110

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing, to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete 115
My own design, for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung, be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey? 120

Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence, came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd, 125
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
What more can prove its origin divine? 130

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force, 135
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of Wit,
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been. 140
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools,
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears 145
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?

(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains. 150

Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.

Ambition in the truly noble mind, 155
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain; 160
But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such Art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien, 165
The god* and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears: 170
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye Vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides, 175
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end. 180
Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in view:
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince! whom no swollen thoughts inflame,
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires, 185
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,

* Amphytrion.

Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;
 Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight ;
 Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
 His people's blessings to their ardent king ; 190
 But when those great heroic motives cease,
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;
 From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
 A sudden foe to splendour and applause ;
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame, 195
 Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
 O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;
 O bless'd ambition ! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, 200
 Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine,
 In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine ;
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores, 205
 Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
 Angels and George are rivals for the fame ;
 George ! who in foes can soft affections raise,
 And charm envenom'd satire into praise. 210

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
 But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves*,
 Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers !) forbear,
 And in their own wild empire learn to spare.
 Thus Nature's self, supporting man's decree, 215
 Styles Britain's sov'reign sov'reign of the sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick ! shook our state,
 And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
 Of ever losing what she held most dear, 220
 How did Britannia, like Achilles†, weep,
 And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep ?
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
 Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm !

* The King in danger by sea.

† Hon. II. lib. i.

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† Hon. II. lib. i.

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm? 225
 Our Palinurus* slept not at the helm;
 His eye ne'er clos'd, long since enur'd to wake,
 And out-watch ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake:
 By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
 He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast: 230
 But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
 His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
 At will to raise or hush the Civil storm. 234

A KEY

TO THE LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

—Gives applause to B——e, or to me.] Blackmore
 (Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit;—Polite
 apostates from God's grace to wit.] N. B. Virgil, Ho-
 race, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius,
 Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera,
 Cæsar's Comment, Homer, &c. were published by
 Bishop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr.
 Pearce, &c.

S—e's humour,] Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence.] Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T— had dropt his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp,
 when professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford,
 wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which
 were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank verse
 version of Virgil, vol. 1. Dr. Evans of St. John's col-
 lege, Oxon, sent the following distich:

*Read the commandments, Trapp, translate on further;—
 For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.*

A is depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.] This alludes
 to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled,
 Shakespeare Restor'd, in opposition to Mr. Pope's
 edition of that author.

* Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. *Virg lib. v.*

C———dos he'll outdo.] Chandos (Duke of.)
—B—l—ton, thy taste is not so true.] Burlington
(Earl of.)

Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,—
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.] Sir An-
drew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke,
both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with lady B—'s hair.] The venerable
grey-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S——pe discreetly bend.] Mr.
Scroope, a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

—T———n turn'd upholsterer, &c.] Tonson (Jacob)
fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea
coxcombs, 1720.

—Leaves to O———.] Orrery (Charles of.)

D———.] Dorset (Earl of), the poet's patron.

Miss D——— tottering.] Miss Duncomb.

—the Stagirite.] Aristotle.

Hence, D———, that openness of heart.] Doddington.

St———pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.] Stanhope,
Earl of Chesterfield.—Deloraine (Lord.)

SATIRE III.

—H——y's eyes unmercifully keen.] Lady Hervey.

Well, H———r, dost thou thy master serve.] Heiddeg-
ger, director of the masquerades.

While C——— mourns, &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq.
founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

C———, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The
same A. Collins.

Arb———t is a fool, and F—— a sage —S———ey
will fright you, E—— engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Da-
niel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S——— is the worst of friends.] Suffex.

Q———y is fair.] Dukes of Queensberry.

S——— the foremost toyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir
Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J———y.] Lady Jersey.

*B——le sbines in council, M——t in the fight :---
P---l---m's magnificent, but J—— can write.]* Boyle
(Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl
of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John
Dennis.

*Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend ;---H——t,
with zeal, a patron, and a friend ?---A——le true wit
is studious to restore ;--- And D——t smiles, if Phæbus
smil'd before ---P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts
admires,--And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.]* Harcourt
(Lord Chancellor,) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke
of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta
Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, in
the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.] Major Foubert,
a riding-master.

Sir H——s.] Sir Hans Sloans, M. D.

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies.] The late Mr.
Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument maker,
under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

Lady D——.] Dashwood or Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck.] The greatest master in miniature, and ena-
mel painting, in Europe.

H——y the first wit.] Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d.] Duke of Richmond.

G——n.] Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——.] Hervey, Pearce, Blount,
(Ladies.)

C——s.] Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

T---l---n.] Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Bur-
net's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torments.

K——p.] Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assembly.

Carolina's heart &c.] Acknowledgment of the late
Queen's favours to the Author.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE *AUTHORS OF THE AGE.*

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nham plan the future
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good, [wood,
Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light, 5
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains,
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky; 10

Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burst; nor can nor will refrain;
I'll write, let others in their turn complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear 15
Lest dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:
I've heard myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—

Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee? 20

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys, 25
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies; 30

With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting;
 But as by depredations waips proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train, 35
 Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
 The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk; 40
 The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad:

Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite; 45
 Men that read well, or men that only write?
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
 For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut: 50
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade;
 Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made:

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth 55
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth,

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
 Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame; 60
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
 And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:

Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires; 65
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires;
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone? 70

One loses his estate, and down he sits,
 To shew (in vain) he still retains his wits :
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen :
 He writes, as an hyphnotic for the spleen :
 Some write, confin'd by phyfic ; some by debt ; 75
 Some for 'tis Sunday ; some because 'tis wet :
 Thro' private pique some do the public right,
 And love their king and country out of spight :
 Another writes because his father writ,
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit. 80

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound ?
 Neither : why write then ? he wants twenty pound :
 His belly not his brains, this impulse give ;
 He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live :
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream, 85
 With no provision made, but of his theme :
 Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit :
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
 Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just :
 Genius directly from the gods descends, 91
 And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill ;
 And since blank paper is deny'd the press, 95
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess ;
 In various sets, which various words compose,
 Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ; 100
 The priests found out the meaning if they could,
 And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul!)
 Oft' have I said, "Awake ! exist ! and strive 105
 "For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !"
 As oft' I overheard the demon say,
 Who daily met the loit'rer in his way, [plies
 "I'll meet thee, Youth ! at White's." The youth re-
 "I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice : 110

His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare.
 Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.

Such heroes have we! all but life they stake; 115
 How must Spain tremble, and the German shake?
 Such writers have we! all but sense they print;
 Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
 In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
 Reform your lives before you thus aspire, 121
 And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
 'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life:
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
 They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer. 126

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
 I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
 For who so sad but must some mirth confess
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress? 130
 Tho' there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
 There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
 They make a private study of the street, 135
 And, looking full on ev'ry man they meet,
 Run fouse against his chaps, who stands amaz'd
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
 You need not read, you feel their ecstasies. 140

Will they persist? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
 See them confin'd.—“O, that's already done”,
 Most, as by leaves, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men, 145
Est Ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you: 150

Treat them, ye Judges! with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn :
 There's true goodnature in your disrespect ;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect :
 For immortality if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

155

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?

'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction not from reason, but from smart.

160

A virgin author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;

'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !

165

His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night ;
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream.

So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
 And find next day the devil in their stead.

170

In vain advertisements the Town o'erspread ;
 They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
 Who press for fame but small recruits will raise ;
 'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,

175

And says, " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dismiss,

" Your glory and my own shall live by this ;

" Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,

" And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."

180

A statesman has his answer in a trice ;

" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;

" What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns,

His work is folded, and his bosom burns :

His patron he will patronize no more,

185

But rushes like a tempest out of door.

Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !

Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;

For A, his magic pen evokes an O,

And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :

190

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
 But 'tis so very foul it won't go off:
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
 But when once publish'd they are heard no more.
 Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw, 195
 The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are such!
 No; ev'ry party's tainted by their touch.
 Infected persons fly each public place,
 And none, or enemies alone, embrace: 200
 To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion's sold;
 They love and hate, extempore, for gold.
 What image of their fury can we form?
 Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
 Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy, 205
 To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
 Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
 A state Ulysses tames' em with his bags:
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
 For Christian ministers of state are few. 210

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
 That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,
 Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout;
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may, 215
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps these another takes,
 And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh 220
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
 Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgrace,
 Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong? 225
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
 Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-self they fight,
 Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
 Whoe'er their crimes for int'rest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit. 230

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
 From the same hand how various is the page!
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare: 235
 Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.

If such our writers, startled at the sight,
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit! 240

Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
 Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
 Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene 245

Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane;
 A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he flung. 250

What note can bind him, his evasion such?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
 Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make.
 The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
 When the brain's perish'd in a human head. 256

Ye grov'ling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
 Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, curs'd
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first. 260

What if the figure should in fact prove true?
 It did in Elkenah, why not in you?

Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
 For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape, 265
 And found his manners suited to his shape.

Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
 So liv'd your prototype, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain; 270

But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
 That gods there are is eminently seen :
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men :
 Thro' meagre jaws they draw their venal breath, 275
 As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth :
 Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt :
 The transient vestments of these frugal men
 Hasten to paper for our mirth again : 280
 Too soon (O merry melancholy fate!)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate :
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;
 The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spite ;
 And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse, 285
 Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
 So fare the men who writers dare commence
 Without their patent, probity, and sense.

From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,
 And Saturday's the learning of the week : 290
 These lab'ring wits, like pavors, mend our ways,
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays ;
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
 And hem at ev'ry thump upon your scull :
 These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry, 295
 And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
 O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
 Thanking a villain for his probity ;
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer : 300
 It tickles thro' my soul to hear the cock's
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
 Sole patron of his liberties and rights !
 While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, the o'erloaded state
 Discharges all her poor and profligate, 306
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And prisons pour their filth into the field ;
 Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the black militia of the pen. 310

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
 Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
 The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
 Has not a royal patron* wisely strove
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?
 Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Mean-while, O Friend! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write and live;
 Serious should be an author's final views:
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An Author! 'tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
 Unblest'd with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless men! who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
 'Tis well; go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.
 What answer will the laurell'd shade return?

Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
 That boasts of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast?
 To think that early, we must think at last.

* His late Majesty's den faction for modern languages.

Immortal wits, e'en dead, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
 And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot. 40

Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,
 The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
 His sacred influence never should be sold; 45
 'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold:
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind:
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe: 50
 All's on the party of the virtuous man;
 The good will surely serve him if they can;
 The bad, when int'rest or ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their int'rest and their pride;
 But should both fail to take him to their care, 55
 He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
 And what is virtue but superior sense?
 In parts and learning you who place your pride;
 Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
 What is a scandal of the first renown, 61
 But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:
 Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name, 65
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep
 On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
 Nor in their dulness think to save your shame;
 True, these are fools; but wise men say the same. 70

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool, because they're men of sense. 76

What instances bleed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their genius brought ?
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely thro' want of wit to be undone ? 80
 Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
 That wit's a jewel which we need not wear :
 Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays, 85
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
 A certain snare to miseries immense,
 A gay prerogative from common sense ;
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame. 90

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
 Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;
 Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
 'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal ;
 As it is great to seize the golden prize 95
 Of place or pow'r, but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
 Think private merit less than public fame,
 And fancy not to write is not to live ;
 Deserve, and take the great prerogative : 100
 But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
 To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press ;
 Who write, an awful character profess ;
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim, 105
 And for their stipend an immortal fame.
 Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
 Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ : 110
 No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er ;
 Much trust example, but reflection more :
 More had the ancients writ, they more had taught ;
 Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
 Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more : 116

Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen; 120
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.

Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain; 125
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain:

The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week? 130

Excuse no fault, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found, 135
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound,

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare:
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine, 141
And is an incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well;
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice: 146
They granted you writ well: what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage. 150
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause;
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius your's? be your's a glorious end, 155
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend.

The public glory by your own beget ;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt ;
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give. 160

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high ;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart, 165
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man :
Defaults in those alone should give offence ;
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence. 170

My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form ; I'm not so much his friend :
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat, 175
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour ? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift. 180

Can others write like you ? your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn 185
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life ;
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherished by the wise: 190
Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;

These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er ;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream, 195
And if they slightly think 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown ;
 They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
 No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of man. 200

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse ;
 Clear be the style, the very sound of force ;
 Easy the conduct, simple the design,
 Striking the moral, and the soul divine.
 Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ; 205
 O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your creed ;
 Thus Virtue's seeds, at once, and laurels, grow ;
 Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau ;
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines. 210
 Parts but expose those men who Virtue quit ;
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen ? 215
 From able writers rise to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain ?
 "Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?
 "Who damns our trash with so much trash replete ?
 "As three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat ?" 220
 Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?
 With huge examens overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme, 225
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime ?
 Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe : 230
 Time is the judge ; Time has nor friend nor foe ;
 False fame must wither, and the true will grow.
 Arm'd with this truth all critics I defy ;
 For if I fall, by my own pen I die ;
 While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain, 235
 To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
 Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
 Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
 Of recent form, to serve me this campaign, 240
 And safely hope to quit the dreadful field,
 Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield,
 Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
 In all his might, and damns me for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green 245
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
 (Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
 So war their quills when sons of Dulness write. 248

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
 And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
 While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
 Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,
 Horace did oft' the mighty man detain, 5
 And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
 Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
 And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
 Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you; 10
 The Muses' friend is pleas'd, the Muse should press
 Thro' circling crowds, and labour for access;
 That partial to his darling he may prove,
 And shining throngs for her approach remove,
 To all the world industrious to proclaim 15
 His love of arts, and boast, the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
 Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
 Fell Discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
 And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
 By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd, 21
 Nor Heav'n repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
 In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;

Alarms from loaden boards all pleasures chas'd, 25
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste ;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry Spring ;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year ; 30
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now, (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last, 35
And bids us smile on all our labours past ;
Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own :
To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;
No longer is the great man born to bleed : 40
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell ;
Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And, without trembling, we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword, 45
No longer waves uncertain of its lord :
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name :
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly flows,
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows ; 50
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in ev'ry field 55
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease. 60
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed ;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.

See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance, 65
Nor miss his Landown in the court of France :
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of Fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own; 70
He claims a part! and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A di'mond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one 75
Who makes him less regret his darling son :
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer too, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main : 80
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows :
From conflicts past each others worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd :
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love, 85
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford ?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame ?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends, 91
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll 95
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er, 100
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind :
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.

Sweet Philomela providently flies 105
 To distant woods and streams for fresh supplies,
 To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
 And with their tender notes attempt to sing;
 Mean-while the fowler spreads his secret snare,
 And renders vain the tuneful mother's care. 110

Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
 The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
 Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
 And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.
 To conquer is to make dissention cease, 115
 That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
 Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
 And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
 Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
 To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land. 120
 Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest;
 The meager Famine, and the spotted Pest,
 Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
 And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne, 125
 Jove in the fulness of his glory shone:
 Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
 Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
 Anne, too, shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
 Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle. 130
 Those mighty souls, whom military care
 Diverted from their only great affair,
 Shall bend their full united force, to bless
 Th' almighty Author of their late success.
 And what is all the world subdu'd to this? 135
 The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
 But there are conquests to great Anna known,
 Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
 Conquests! whose triumph is too great within
 The scanty bounds of matter to begin; 140
 Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
 Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
 And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,
 Look down, and smile on this auspicious day ; 145
 Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
 Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell ;
 Then deep into eternity retire ;
 Of greater things than peace or war enquire ;
 Fully content, and unconcern'd to know 150
 What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
 To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave :
 On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
 Sad melancholy numbers in each street, 155
 (Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
 Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
 To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
 Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
 And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their blood
 Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food. 161
 Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
 From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
 On heav'n without a sin we now may call,
 And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall ; 165
 Be christians while we pray ; nor in one breath
 Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O ! I view with transport arts restor'd,
 Which double use to Britain shall afford,
 Secure her glory purchas'd in the field, 170
 And yet for future peace sweet motives yield : }
 While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
 The pressing Britain, and the flying Gaul,
 In such bright images, such living grace,
 As leave great Raphael but the second place ; 175
 Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
 And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes ;
 Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
 And yet consent those battles prove our last,
 Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive, 180
 We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
 In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
 Or near the margin of a secret spring ;

Sweet Philomela providently flies 105
 To distant woods and streams for fresh supplies,
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 Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
 We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
 In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
 Or near the margin of a secret spring ;

Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love. 185

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.

The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar, 190
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal I was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed:
For Janus shut, her Io Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung. 195

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage, 200
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd, 205
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks;
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scene his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood 210
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring, 215
Than from those labours which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?

With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove, 220
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?

Lend but your understanding, and their skill
 Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will : 225
 Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past ;
 Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
 With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
 And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour 230
 (The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r ?
 The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
 When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd ;
 Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
 She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd ; 235
 But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
 And on her own confession charge the lie.
 Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
 Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
 Or fear of future pains, or human laws, 240
 Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,
 Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
 Their wonted disposition of the mind :
 By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
 As circling glasses on our senses steal, 245
 Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
 The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
 They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
 Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
 Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring, 250
 Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.
 How can they cool to villains ? how subside
 To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride ?
 To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
 Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn ? 255
 In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
 To govern and control the world of wit
 As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known ?
 Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own ;
 He in the lap of Elegance was bred, 260
 And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head ;
 But much we hope he will enjoy at home
 What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,

Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance: 265
 There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast,
 For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
 What tho' we wrong him? Isabella's woe 270
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
 Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The drama glories in the British Muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread. 275
 Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
 They raise a great curiosity indeed,
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
 We rouse th' affections, and that hero show 280
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
 They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
 We heighten into terror and despair;
 Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
 Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
 What's great in Nature we can greatly draw, 285
 Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
 The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
 The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
 Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove 290
 The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
 We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
 Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
 And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
 To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd. 295
 To claim attention, and the heart invade,
 Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made:
 Our neighbour's stage art too bare fac'd betrays;
 'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry scene we praise:
 On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls; 300
 None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
 Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
 From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
 But manly conduct of our strong designs. 305
 That oft they think more justly we must own,
 Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown :
 Greece thought but justly, they think justly too ;
 We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
 So well are Racine's meanest persons taught, 310
 But change a sentiment you make a fault :
 Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame :
 When we boast more we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find
 That makes me less esteem all humankind ; 315
 He made one nature, and another found :
 Both in one page with master strokes abound :
 His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
 Bids us no longer at our nurses smile.
 Of lost historians we almost complain, 320
 Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who lives when his Othello's in a trance ?
 With his great Talbot*, too, he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
 In great descendants ; Shakespeare has but one ; 325
 And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind silence spare his rival's shame :—
 Yet I in vain that author would suppress ;
 What can't be greater cannot be made less :
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim, 330
 And to himself great Agamemnon name. [smile,

Should Shakespeare rise, unblest'd with Talbot's
 Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle ;
 But if that reigning star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine, 335
 Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
 Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,
 Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
 And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand, 341

* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

Auspicious fate ! that gives me leave to write
 To you the Muses glory and delight,
 Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
 And mortify an author with your praise. 345
 Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due ;
 But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from you.
 Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
 What tho' the great man let his coffers wide, 350
 That cannot gratify the poet's pride,
 Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
 Is best rewarded when best understood ?
 The Muses write for glory, not for gold ;
 'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold : 355
 The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves ;
 To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves ;
 The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong,
 Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
 Should this great theme allure me farther still, 360
 And I presume to use your patience ill,
 The world would plead my cause, and none but you
 Will take disgust at what I now pursue.
 Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll chuse
 A theme that's able to exalt my Muse. 365

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
 Without a spark of his immortal flame ?
 Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
 Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend ;
 Whether we chuse to love or to admire, 370
 You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
 And such familiar glories spread around,
 As more incline the stander-by to raise
 His value for himself, than you to praise. 375
 Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
 Bless all, on none an obligation lay,
 So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
 'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mien ;
 You to be happy want not to be seen ; 381

Tho' priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
 Nor court an approbation but your own :
 In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
 In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please, 385
 You, were all blind, would still deserve applause ;
 The world's your glory's witness, not its cause ;
 That lies beyond the limits of the day,
 Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence, 390
 A gift which Nature rarely does dispense :
 Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
 Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
 You wish not those who shew your name respect,
 So little worth as might excuse neglect ; 395
 Nor are in pain lest merit you should know ;
 Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe ;
 A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
 To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good ; that told, so well
 Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell. 400
 When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd ;
 That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd :
 And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
 Who meant he conquer'd only said he fought. 405

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
 (No crowds around for pleasure or for state)
 You are not cast upon a stranger land,
 And wander pensive o'er the barren strand ;
 Nor are you by receiv'd example taught, 410
 In toys to shun the discipline of thought ;
 But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
 You chuse companions from all human race ;
 Converse with those the deluge swept away,
 Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day. 415

Books not so much inform, as give consent
 To those ideas your own thoughts present ;
 Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
 Is finding cause to like yourself the more. 420
 In Grecian sages you are only taught
 With more respect to value your own thought.

Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
 Those precepts we behold alive in you.
 Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules. 425

What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told?
 So pleas'd and so surpris'd Æneas stood, 430

And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
 When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
 His story shining forth in all its pride;
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land. 435

He knows not half his being who's confin'd
 In converse and reflection on mankind:
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
 Ranges eternity without the leave 440
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
 When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
 In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend. 445
 Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand?
 Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand*.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
 Still at a flow, and permanently great:
 New moments shed new pleasures as they fly, 450
 And yet your greatest is that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
 Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
 Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
 Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
 Tho' you in modesty the title wear, 456
 Your name shall be the title of your heir,
 Farther than ermine make his glory known,
 And cast in shades the favour of a throne.

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled *Heroic Love*.

From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
The soul's endowments from the King of kings. 461
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.

Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great; 465
But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear, 470
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice: 475
Vice he has none, or such as none with less,
But friends, indeed, goodnature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood, 480
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's; 485
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course.*

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd, 490
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end. 495
O Harrison! I must, I will, complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain.

* His Lordship's nephew who took orders.

Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
 Thy task was early done, and I must own 500
 Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.

But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
 Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave. 505

With aching heart and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,
 When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.
 'Twas past; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song, 511
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
 Each art of life in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart. 515
 To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
 But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
 That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
 Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace, 520
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine,
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll;
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul; 525
 Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear*!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
 That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
 To better fate your love I recommend; 530
 O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
 May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
 Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers:
 Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
 To make the muse immortal you was born. 535

* The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

Sing! and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung, 540
And Anna Britain sway'd when Granville sung;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord. 543

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the Death of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON.

- - - - - Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. *Virg.*

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring, 5
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,
And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend. 10

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings, 15
Thinks in his thought, and in his number sings.
All read transported his pure classic page;
Read and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20
Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:

Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd, 25
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour, 30
Unmindful that, concealed from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy ;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35
And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north, 40
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense, enliven'd, sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave 45
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confest, 50
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys, 55
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought ;
Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain, a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ; 60
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick ! (whom the muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)

O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright,
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
 By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

65

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately borne,
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
 Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
 And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
 We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see ;
 Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime ;

75

He first the plant to richer gardens led,
 And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
 The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
 And gathers from her ornament her use.

80

When loose from public cares, the grove he sought,
 And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
 The various labours of his easy page,
 A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
 Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
 Who durst to frame a world by accident.

85

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
 The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
 A glory more sublime remains in store,
 Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
 No fuller proof of pow'r the Almighty gave,
 Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

90

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
 But their fair purpose and important end ;
 To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
 To steel the patriot in great Brunlwick's cause ;
 With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
 Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.

95

Where had'st thou room, great Author ! where to roll
 The mighty theme of an immortal soul ? [brought
 Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
 Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?
 One let me join, all other may excel,
 " How could a mortal essence think so well ?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise ? 105
 More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :
 In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend
 The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend !
 His glory such it borders on disgrace
 To say he sung the best of human race. 110

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
 Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
 Tickell ! accept this verse, thy mournful due ;
 Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue ;
 And as thy strain describes the matchless man, 115
 Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
 Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
 Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,
 Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
 Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause. 120

But haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare
 The noble work well trusted to thy care,
 The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
 To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
 Collect the labours, join the various rays, 125
 The scatter'd light in one united blaze ;
 Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
 In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd
 Th' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
 In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile ; 130
 With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
 And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
 What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
 Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ?
 Think not, O Patriot ! while thy eyes o'erflow, 135
 Those cares suspended for a private woe ;
 Thy love to him is to thy country shewn ;
 He mourns for her who mourns for Addison. 138

ODES.

OCEAN ; AN ODE.

Occasioned by his Majesty's Royal Encouragement of the Sea Service.

To which is prefixed.

AN ODE TO THE KING.

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. *Speech, Jan. 27. 1727-8.*

TO THE KING.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays ;
A truly British theme I sing ;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean Ocean's King.

5

To gods and kings,
The poet sings ;
To kings and gods the muse is dear ;
The muse inspires
With all her fires ;
Begin, my soul ! thy bold career.

10

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of blessings and renown ;

15

Great monarch ! bow
Thy beaming brow ;
To thee I strike the sounding lyre,
With proud design
In verse to shine ;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

20

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd,
Its stream divinely clear and strong ;
In sense and sound
Thebes roll'd profound :
The torrent roar'd and foam'd along ;

25

30

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

35

The work is done !
The distant sun
His smile supplies ! exalts my voice
Through earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

40

The naval crown
Is all his own !
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and storms
And rides in triumph round the ball.

45

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but thee?
The boundless sea,
And grateful muse to George belong.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

Durst Homer's muse,
Or Pindar's, choose
To pour the billows on his string?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god:
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

No former race
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pause, and now fresh music spring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now sweep,
And fetch the sound from every string.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin sighs;
The soft Favonians melt away;
As from the north
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file 85
With curious toil ;
Ye Graces turn the glowing lines ;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat,
And ev'ry stroke the work refines ! 90

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions good and brave !
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames ! 95
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ; 100
To wit he gave
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance ; 105
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance ;

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng, 110
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore ;
We make at least
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

Our strains divide 115
The laurel's pride ;
With those we list to life we live ;
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give. 120

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun?

"Justice sincere,

"And courage clear,

125

"Rise the two columns of his throne.

"How form'd for sway!

"Who look obey,

"They read the monarch in his port:

"Their love and awe

130

"Supply the law,

"And his own lustre makes the court."

"But shines supreme,

"Where heroes flame;

"In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!

135

"By godlike arts

"Enthron'd in hearts,

"Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides."

Our factions end!

The nations bend!

140

For when Britannia's sons, combin'd

In fair array,

All march one way;

They march the terror of mankind.

If equal all

145

Who tread the ball,

Our bounded prospect, here, would end;

But heroes prove

As steps to Jove,

By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

150

From what we view

We take the clue

Which leads from great to greater things:

Men doubt no more,

But gods adore,

155

When such resemblance shines in kings.

On y^{et} her height
 Wh^{en} den light
 Triu^mphs shines, and shines alone.
 Unriv^{al} gaze!
 The r^{oyal} ze!
 'Tis th^{is} ; 'tis Britain's throne.

160

Our monarch here,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Should tempests rise, disdains to bend ;
 Like British oak,
 Derides the stroke ;
 His blooming honours far extend !

165

Beneath them lies,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid ;
 While interest wings
 Bold foreign kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

170

At his proud foot
 The sea, pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies ;
 Thence wealth, and state,
 And power, and fate,
 Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

175

180

ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to shew that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for my success in it.

To our having, or not having, this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And, in speaking of it, I shall shew how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, are esteemed, and really are, the

most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

“----- Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.” *Virg.*

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he has no test, or standard in his judgement, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have said, the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind, that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the “genus irritabile” among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonson’s angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

“---Concordes animæ---dum nocte prementur;
 “Hen! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 “Attigerent, quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt!
 “Qui Juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
 “Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
 “Iuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 “Sydero o flagrans clypeo, & cœlestibus armis,
 “Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!
 “Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhœus
 “Arduus, arma tenens; non te Messapus & Ufens,
 “Contemptorque Deum Mezentius.” *Virg.*

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up to that idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange as it is infallibly true; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is grater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgement in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spiritous, and more remote from prose than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other poems; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order and connexion, which gives form and life to *some* compositions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pityful error a pen can commit.

“Musa debet Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum.”

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man.

And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgement, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway, and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineer-

ing; though the judgement, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war: "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakespare's style, have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often thread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's muse, like Sacharissa, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty, equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms;

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus;"

a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which she cannot *find*.

Sappho's muse, like Lady-----, is passionately tender, and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is *soft* and *warm*, in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral; she joins all the *former*, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, that she abounds in *hidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the

same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no compositions of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express Majesty, (viz)

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,

are chosen in the following Ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony, likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole: Ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it; for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns;

as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is, in its own nature, noble; most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, "that Music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode,"

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And, indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minuter cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of poetry, painting, and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and justly; for a truly-masculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

Grandis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus." *Petron.*

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was Faber imus, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail. And we know the cause was

"Quia ponere totum
Nescius." *Hor.*

To close; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the severer studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of history; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands. *Psal. xcvi.*

SWEET rural scene
 Of flocks and green!
 At careless ease my limbs are spread;
 All Nature still
 But yonder rill, 5
 And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.

In prospect wide
 The boundless tide!
 Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
 Without a breeze 10
 The curling seas
 Dance on in measure to the shore.

Who sings the source
 Of wealth and force?
 Vast field of commerce, and big war, 15
 Where wonders dwell!
 Where terrors swell!
 And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where, where are they
 Whom Poëan's ray 20
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?—
 What! none aspire?
 I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds! 25
 The rock rebounds!
 The Nereids to my song reply!
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire,
 With voice and shell, to lift it high. 30



YOUNG'S POEMS.
At careless ease my limbs are spread:
All Nature still
But yonder still,
And listening pines nod o'er my head.
Tide the Ocean Vol. II. Verse 1. Page 116.

Drawn by R. Corbould. Engraved by C. Warren. For C. Cooke March 7. 1799.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind ;
The billows beat
With nimble feet, 35
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his nine,
Parnassus' hill, 40
And Orpheus' skill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main ! the main !
Is Britain's reign ;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet : 45
The main ! the main !
Be Britain's strain ;
As Tritons strong, as Syrens sweet.

Through nature wide
Is nought descry'd 50
So rich in pleasure or surprise ;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene ;
How dreadful when the billows rise !

And storms deface 55
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while Britannia, fair,
Look down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air ! 60

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep 65
Recumbent on their oozy bed,

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas !
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And ev'ry canvass courts the breeze ! 70

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackning billows, with what dread
My shudd'ring soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head ! 75

With terror mark
Yon flying bark !
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;
Now tofs'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave ! 80

Now spins around
In whirls profound :
Now whelm'd, now pendant near the clouds ;
Now, stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds. 85 90

All ether burns !
Chaos returns !
And blends, once more, the seas and skies ;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O Deep ! and the blue concave lies. 95

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling freight, the monster shock. 100

Let others fear ;
 To Britain dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;
 Those terrors charm
 Which keep her warm
 In chase of honest gain or fame.

105

The stars are bright
 To cheer the night,
 And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire ;
 And Phœbus flames,
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some adore, and all admire.

110

Are then the seas
 Outshone by these ?
 Bright Thetis ! thou art not outshone ;
 With kinder beams,
 And softer gleams,
 Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

115

120

There, set in green,
 Gold stars are seen,
 A mantle rich, thy charms to wrap ;
 And when the sun
 His race has run,
 He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

125

Those clouds, whose dyes
 Adorn the skies,
 That silver snow, that pearly rain,
 Has Phœbus stole,
 To grace the pole,
 The plunder of th' invaded main !

130

The gaudy bow,
 Whose colours glow,
 Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
 To Phœbus' ray,
 Which paints so gay,
 By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

135

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor !
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws ;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

140

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

145

150

His son complains
In pious strains ;
“ Ah ! cruel thirst of gold,” he cries ;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

155

Thou wat'ry vast !
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er !
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home ;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

160

Gold pleasure buys ;
But pleasure dies ;
Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short ;
But virtue kindles living joys ;

165

Joys felt alone !
Joys ask'd of none !
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss ;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecious, endless bliss !

170

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence ;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense. 175 180

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall, 185
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal 190
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main ; 195
Which tow'ring rose,
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne 200
To reinflame a grand design ;
That voice shall rear
Yon fabric fair*,
As Nature's rose at the divine.

When Nature sprung, 205
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
For strains as high
As man's can fly
The sea-devoted honours call. 210

* A new fund for Greenwich hospital, recommended from the throne.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our wounded and our old ;
High domes ascend !
Stretch'd arches bend ;
Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !

215

So sleeps the grain,
In fost'ring rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descend ;
Then bursts the root,
The verdures shoot,
And earth enrich, adorn, defend.

220

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

225

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails ;
In tales, the lenitives of age !
And o'er the bowl
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth to martial rage.

230

The story done,
Their setting sun,
Serenely smiling down the west,
In soft decay
They drop away ;
And honour leads them to their rest.

235

240

Unhappy they !
And falsely gay !
Who bask for ever in success :
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

245

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its gloss;
And gold refin'd
The sated mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

250

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

255

Ye warlike! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet*.

260

What pow'rful charm
Can Death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

265

270

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And, see! they rouse
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

275

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

280

* Written soon after K. George the First's accession

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please, 285
Or suns invite
The ravish'd fight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both !
Our soil's strong growth, 290
And our bold natives' hardy mind ;
Sure heaven bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth 295
Of teeming earth,
Of forest fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud : 300

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils 305
Pours in the bosom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings ;
And as she frowns, 310
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high, 315
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

How mix'd, how frail,
How sure to fail,
Is every pleasure of mankind !

320

A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind :

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruck with life's more restless state ?

325

Where all are toss'd
And most are lost,
By tides of passion, blasts of fate.

330

The world's the main,
How vex'd ! how vain !
Ambition swells, and anger foams ;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes !

335

The public scene
Of harden'd men,
Teach me, O teach me to despise !
The world few know,
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience rise.

340

All tender sense
Is banish'd thence,
All maiden Nature's first alarms ;
What shock'd before
Disgusts no more,
And what disgusted has its charms.

345

In landscapes green
True Bliss is seen,
With Innocence, in shades, she sports ;
In wealthy towns
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow smiles in courts.

350

355

These scenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrow bar'd my breast,
Till Wisdom came,
A hoary dame,
And told me pleasure was in rest.

360

" Oh may I steal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, secure from foes !
" My friend sincere,
" My judgment clear,
" And gentle business my repose.

365

" My mind be strong,
" To combat wrong ;
" Grateful, O King ! for favours shewn ;
" Soft to complain,
" For others' pain,
" And bold to triumph o'er my own !

370

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
" And warm to relish ev'ry boon,
" And wise to still
" Fantastic ill,
" Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon.

375

" No fruitless toils,
" No brainless broils,
" Each moment levell'd at the mark !
" Our day so short
" Invites no sport ;
" Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.

380

385

" Yet Prudence still
" Rein thou my will !
" What's most important make most dear !
" For 'tis in this
" Resides true Bliss ;
" True Bliss, a deity severe.

390

- “ When temper leans
 “ To gayer scenes,
 “ And serious life void moments spares,
 “ The sylvan chase 395
 “ My sinews brace !
 “ Or song unbend my mind from cares !
 “ Nor shun, my soul,
 “ The genial bowl,
 “ Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow ! 400
 “ Ingredients these
 “ Above to please
 “ The laughing gods, the wise below.
 “ Though rich the vine,
 “ More wit than wine, 405
 “ More sense than wit, good-will, than art,
 “ May I provide !
 “ Fair truth, my pride !
 “ My joy, the converse of the heart !
 “ The gloomy brow, 410
 “ The broken vow,
 “ To distant climes, ye gods ! remove ;
 “ The nobly-soul’d
 “ Their commerce hold
 “ With words of truth, and looks of love, 415
 “ Oh glorious aim !
 “ Oh wealth supreme !
 “ Divine benevolence of soul !
 “ That greatly glows,
 “ And freely flows, 420
 “ And in one blessing grasps the whole !
 “ Prophetic schemes,
 “ And golden dreams,
 “ May I, unsanguine, cast away ;
 “ Have what I have, 425
 “ And live, not leave,
 “ Enamour’d of the present day !

" My hours my own,
 " My faults unknown,
 " My chief revenue in content ; 430
 " Then leave one beam
 " Of honest fame,
 " And scorn the labour'd monument !
 " Unhurt my urn,
 " Till that great turn 435
 " When mighty Nature's self shall die ;
 " Time cease to glide,
 " With human pride,
 " Sunk in the ocean of eternity." 439

SEA-PIECE :

Containing

- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
 - II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.
-

DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY Muse, a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen clime to milder skies :
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
 A beam of favour here deny'd ;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name. 5

To dive full deep in ancient days,*
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
 And monarchs aggrandize—the glory thine ;
 Thine is the drama, how renown'd ; 10
 Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound ;—
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

But where's his dolphin ? know'st thou were ?
 May that be found in thee, Voltaire !

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave : 15
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song ! Mere mortal lays,
 So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

“ Tell me,” say'st thou, “ who courts my smile ?
 “ What stranger stray'd from yonder isle ? ” — 20
 No stranger, Sir ! tho' born in foreign climes ;
 On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,
 With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
 Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye, 25
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong :
 Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song. 30

But such debates long since are flown :
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey :
 How shortly shall we both forget,
 To thee, my patron, I my debt, 35
 And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great ; 40
 High-flush'd Success, and pale Defeat,
 The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments ! stay :
 Oh, Friend ! as deaf, as rapid, they :
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls ! — 45
 Dost thou not hear it ? I can hear,
 Tho' nothing strikes the listening ear ;
 Time groans his last ; Eternal loudly calls !

Nor calls in vain ; the call inspires
 Far other counsels and desires, 50

Than once prevailed : we stand on higher ground :
 What scenes we see !—Exalted aim !
 With ardours new on spirits flame ;
 Ambition blest'd ! with more than laurels crown'd. 54

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

IN lofty sounds let those delight
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight,
 And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke ;
 'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend, 5
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms ?
 Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms ?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd Ambition springs ;
 Ambition ! mean, ignoble pride ! 10
 Perhaps their ardours may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere. At Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Hastes the huge oak, or shapeless forest leaves ; 15
 The mountain pines assume new forms,
 Spread canvass wings, and fly thro' storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again ; the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth ; 20
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore !
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise ;
 Flame from the deck from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of Fate fulfil, 25
 On empires wide, an island's will,

When thrones unjust wake vengeance. Know, ye pow'rs!
In sudden night, and pond'rous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs. 30

In her grand council* she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down 35
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they blaze! 40
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep, 45
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb; 50
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,
Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields; 55
The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the Continent! 60

From the dread front of ancient war
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,

* House of Lords.

Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky, 65
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd, 70
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
 Or see I Vulcan's footy cave,
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame? 75
 Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall, 80
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin; and, first take rapid flight,* 85
 Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
 And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans and death; one phial pour
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
 Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade. 91

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.



ODE THE SECOND.

In which is

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

SO form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords. O Pow'r Divine!
 If blest'd by thee the bold design,
 Emblatted hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

5

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire:
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious Chiefs! awake,
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

10

The day commission'd from above,
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,
 Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

15

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!

"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!

20

"Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

"Now War's important die is thrown,

"If left the day to man alone,

"How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might?

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

25

"And deep remorse, and sighs sincere,

"For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;

"A wrath more formidable far

"Than angry Nature's wasteful war,

"The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

30

- " From out the deep to thee we cry,
 " To thee, at Nature's helm on high !
 " Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence !
 " To thee for succour we resort ;
 " Thy favour is our only port ; 35
 " Our only rock of safety thy defence.

 " O Thou ! to whom the lions roar,
 " And, not unheard, thy boon implore !
 " Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke :
 " Thou can'st arrest the flying ball, 40
 " Or send it back, and bid it fall
 " On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke,
 " Britain in vain extends her care
 " To climes remote* for aids in war ;
 " Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe : 45
 " There's one alliance, one alone,
 " Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
 " And that alliance is not found below.

 " Ally Supreme ! we turn to thee ;
 " We learn obedience from the sea ; 50
 " With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;
 " 'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
 " To rouse or hush the martial storm,
 " And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

 " 'Tis thine to beam sublime renown, 55
 " Or quench the glories of a crown ;
 " 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from Death to free,
 " To turn aside his levell'd dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
 " There, we cast anchor, we confide in thee. 60

 " Thou ! who hast taught the North to roar,
 " And streaming† lights nocturnal pour
 " Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
 " Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 " Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze, 65
 " And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

- “ The right alone is bold and strong ;
“ Black hov’ring clouds appal the wrong
“ With dread of vengeance.—Nature’s awful Sire!
“ Less than one moment shouldest thou frown, 70
“ Where is Puissance and Renown ?
“ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.
“ Let George the just chastise the vain :
“ Thou ! who dost curb the rebel main,
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave ! 75
“ Bid George repel a bolder tide,
“ The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
“ And check Ambition’s overwhelming wave.
“ And when (all milder means withstood)
“ Ambition tam’d by loss of blood 80
“ Regains her reason ; then, on angels’ wings,
“ Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
“ With peals of joy, Britannia’s fleet,
“ How richly freighted ; it triumphant brings
“ The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings.” 85



Written in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit.

Occasioned by

*His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sep. 1729, and the
succeeding Peace.*

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super not as aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore.

Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
Publicum Iudum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu.

Hor.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, tho' less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in



YOUNG'S POEMS.
Fast by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head.
Vide the Merchant Vol II. Page 167. Line 1.

Drawn by R. Forbould Engraved by A. Rombach for C. Cooke March 23. 1799.

The great number of my friends,
 The great number of my veins,
 The great number of my cold climate run, 15
 The great number of my veins,
 The great number of my veins;
 The great number of my veins;
 The great number of my veins.

20
 25

[illegible]

...
 ...
 ... ye Profane!
 Who boast gods and hoast of absent gods;
 Who count numbers, and numbers main,
 While some Powers cold and lame,
 And others still laurelled odes.
 ... rise!

40

The world's of Genus, rise!
 At the same time on the flies;
 When you see the King come over.

Ye founts of Learning ! and ye mints of Fame ! 45

You who file off the mortal part

Of glowing thought with Atticart,

And drink pure song from Cam's or Ifis' stream.

I glow, I burn ! the numbers pure,

High-flavour'd, delicate, mature, 50

Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast ;

As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,

The gen'rous bursts of willing wine

Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd. 54

STRAIN I.

Contents.

How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

“OUR monarch comes ! nor comes alone.”

O What shining forms surround his throne,

O sun ! as planets thee. To my loud strain

See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance ;

The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance ! 5

And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train !

“ Our monarch comes ! nor comes alone ! ”

New glories kindle round his throne.

The visions rise ! I triumph as I gaze.

By Pindar led, I turn'd of late 10

The volume dark, the folds of Fate,

And now am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,

The mighty Months in pomp proceed,

Fair daughters of the Sun !—O thou divine, 15

Bless'd Industry ! a smiling earth

From thee alone derives its birth :

By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode, if you please. And if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE.

On the British Trade and Navigation.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατειαί παντοθεν λογιοί

σιν εντι προσοδοί,

νασον ευκλεα ταν-

δε κοσμεειν.

PIND. NEM. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

Contents.

The Proposition. An Address to the Vessel that brought over the King.
Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar:
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,

Icelebrate in song. Fam'd Isle! no less,
 By Nature's favour, from mankind,
 Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
 Alone in blifs! an isle in happiness!

10

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
 Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
 Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run,
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recals the warmth of blooming years;
 Returning George supplies the distant sun.

15

Away, my Soul! salute the Pine*,
 That glads the heart of Caroline,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

20

My Soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the Godhead warm;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of Time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

25

30

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a British constellation rise——
 The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound:
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

35

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling Train!
 Silence, ye Wretched! ye Profane!
 Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers main,
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

40

Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise!
 Of genuine title to the skies;

* The vessel in which the King came over.

Ye founts of Learning ! and ye mints of Fame ! 45
 You who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought with Atticart,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

I glow, I burn ! the numbers pure,
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 The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the Sun !—O thou divine, 15
 Bless'd Industry ! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth :
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon, and his roar ; 20
 On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
 O golden fruit ! oak well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove ;
 All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

What cannot Industry complete ? 25
 When punic war first flam'd, the great,
 Bold, active, ardent Roman Fathers meet :
 " Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries* ;
 As soon they fall, as soon they rise ;
 One moon a forest, and the next a fleet. 30

Is sloth indulgence ? 'tis a toil ;
 Enervates man, and damns the soil ;
 Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
 Cankers our being ; all devours ;
 A full exertion of our pow'rs ! 35
 Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force ;
 Ere man his active springs resign'd, 40
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry ! thy daughter fair ?
 Recal her to her native air :
 Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long ;
 And ever shall she flourish here : 46
 What tho' she languish'd ? 'twas but fear ;
 She's sound of heart ; her constitution's strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade ! lean no more
 On thy fix'd anchor ; push from shore ; 50
 Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
 And see ! she's rous'd ; absolv'd from fears,
 Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens ev'ry port.

See cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone,
Round earth and main: bright zone of wealth and fame! 59

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea. 65
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Gangee, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted, prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy 70
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

Cold Russia costly furs, from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet, 75
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our Merchant fails.
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows, 80
Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee?
How ev'ry heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores?

All these one British harvest make? 85
The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap. 90

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair virtue with the first renown;
A large revenue, and a large expence,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

95

Glow, then my breast! abound, my store;
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and apathy let Stoics boast;
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

100

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd or the profuse:
The truly great find morals in the mine.

105

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich: stores starve us, or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

110

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
A Chandos shines when others' joys are done;
As lofty turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

115

120

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No sordid son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations, commerce and increase.

125

How various Nature! turgid grain
Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
There worms weave filken webs, here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun: 130
Beneath the soil there harvests run,
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

What's various Nature? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all, 136
And int'rest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men, 140
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around, 145
The wond'ring foreigner confound:
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
As her proud scepter'd sons survey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast! 150

Th' unwieldly tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot! our throng'd Exchange, 155
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
To aid in Britain's glorious ends.
Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals, 160
Each willing wind her canvass calls;
Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point the ball? 165
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen; 170
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light,
Who thee obeys reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god, 175
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd;
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer. 180

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm, 185
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away:
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all; 190
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To lanch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view!
Go, look your whole existence through,
Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
For so the gods. But as the gains, 195
How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine;
 Old Britain learnt from thee to shine:
 By thee, Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
 Armies, in war of fatal frown, 201
 Of Peace the pride, Arts flowing down,
 Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle. 204

STRAIN II.

Contents.

Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain;
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
 May travel thus from pole to pole. 5
 And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
 Ply Commerce then ye Britons bold,
 Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave, 10
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple realm that awes the continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
 When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one—— 15
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her Merchants princes! ev'ry deck a throne!

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
 Her stable column Ocean trod; 20
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
 By both obey'd; the Syrian sings;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
 Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor, 25
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her car;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian arms. 30

The worlds last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's let others boast, 35
Her's the far noblest harvest of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
The pride of isles, in wars rever'd! 40
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—but she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his fav'rite isle loud roar's the Main! 45
The tempest howls, her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land one altar! a whole people slain!

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
The fable Hour is coming down; 50
She's on her march from yon almighty throne:
The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood, 55
As crimson deep outcry the flood:
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust! 60

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sink ! her mighty bow !
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound ? 65
Is it for this her great ones tofs the brow ?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign ?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right ?
The spurious lord it o'er the land, 70
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might !

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads, 75
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests in guilt abound :
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold !
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold ! 80
What youth unletter'd ! base ones lifted high !
What public boasts ! what private views !
What desert temples ! crowded stews !
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye !

O ! foul of heart, her fairest dames 85
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas ! there is who sees them there ;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants. 90

He sees, and thunders !—Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed foil :
In vain her high presumpt'ous air,
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare, 95
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
 In vain their golden heads her turrets rear;
 In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits, 100
 Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
 Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store, 105
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
 The nations hiss! her glory ends! 110
 To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
 Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail, 115
 And mast of cedar, nought avail
 Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone;
 Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan. 120

What tho' so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,
 All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet*.
 What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy?
 At length her foes that isle destroy, 125
 Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
 "O fatal pride!" they cry, "this, this is she
 "Who said—With my own art and arm 130
 "In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
 "And swell'd at heart vain empress of the sea!



YOUNG'S POEMS.

The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

Vide Love of Fame Vol. II. Satire 1. Line 179. Page 39.

- “ This, this is she who meanly soar’d :
 “ Alas ! how low to be ador’d,
 “ And style herself a god !—Thro’ stormy wars 135
 “ This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
 “ High-fed her young with human gore,
 “ And would have built her nest among the stars.
 “ But ah, frail man ! how impotent
 “ To stand heaven’s vengeance, or prevent ! 140
 “ To turn aside the great Creator’s aim !
 “ Shall island kings with him contend,
 “ Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
 “ And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?
 “ Earth, ether, empyreum, bow, 145
 “ When from the brazen mountain’s brow
 “ The God of battles takes his mighty bow :
 “ Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 “ Puts on his vesture dipp’d in blood,
 “ And marches out to scourge the world below. 150
 “ Ah wretched isle, once call’d the great !
 “ Ah wretched isle ! and wise too late !
 “ The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out ;
 “ Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 “ And, freedom lost, the realms deride ; 155
 “ Ador’d thee standing ; o’er thy ruins shout :
 “ To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 “ Was thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
 “ ’Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates :
 “ How art thou fallen, down, down, down ! 160
 “ Wide Waste, and Night, and Horror frown,
 “ Where Empire flam’d in gold, and balanc’d states.”



STRAIN III.

Contents.

An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:

Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.

What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,

A people's crimes solicit down!

Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

5

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;

Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.

What is large property?—the sign of good,

Of worth superior: if 'tis less,

Another's treasure we possess,

And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

10

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,

High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's smile:

To vassals prison'd in the continent,

Who starve at home on meagre toil,

And suck to death their mother soil,

'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

15

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,

And wound the soul; bow genius down,

Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,

To throw them at a monster's foot?

'Tis property supports pursuit.

Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

20

She pours the thought, and forms the style;

She makes the blood and spirits boil:

25

I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song. O Muse! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

30

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of ev'ry coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

35

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

40

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards, the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

46

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

50

There are her friends, a marshall'd train!
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat;
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

55

60

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her Orion's glories burn,

The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies. 65

These nations Newton made his own ;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's closing star ; 70
Decipher'd every character :
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
Not such the sea: let Fohe's ancient line 75
Vast tracks and ample beings vaunt ;
The camel low, small elephant ;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth her largest piece of life! 80
He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out :
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore, 85
German and Caledonian roar ;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred ;
“ The seas are ours,”—the monarchs said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

Whence is a rival then to rise? 91
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear :
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim, 95
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves ;

Art's noblest boast! but, O! what wondrous odds
 'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle? 100
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
 Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
 But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
 The child of Britain! and shall she contend? 105
 It were no less than parricide——
 What wonders rise from out the tide!
 Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
 Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow 110
 So far beneath the state of noble birth?
 Alas! these chiefs but little know
 Commerce how high, themselves how low,
 The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do 115
 But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
 The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
 High Commerce from the gods came down,
 With compass, chart, and starry crown,
 Their delegate to make the nations smile. 120

Blush, and behold the Russian bow;
 From forty crowns his mighty brow
 To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
 That arm which swept the bloody field,
 See! the huge axe or hammer wield, 125
 While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
 Matchless example to the crown!
 Old Time is poor; what age boasts such a sight?
 Ye drones! adore the man divine— 130
 No; virtue still as mean decline;
 Call Russians barb'rous and yourselves polite.

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
 With Hiram strove in merchandise;

Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar! 135
 That Merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 The king left much, the merchant bury'd more*.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme, 140
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign; 145
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
 With purple monarchs merchants vie:
 If great to spend, what to supply?
 Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour 'em down.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love, 151
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
 Planets are merchants, take, return,
 Lustre and heat; by traffic burn: 155
 The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 What say the sons of letter'd Fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
 In open life, in change of scene, 160
 'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs; to starry science soars:
 Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen) 165
 The sites, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
 Who studies trade, he studies all.
 Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men. 168

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb thirteen hundred years after his death, three thousand talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

STRAIN IV.

Contents.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's Church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. His glory navally represented.

HOW shall I farther rouse the soul !
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?
 How ev'ry breast inflame with mine ?
 How bid my theme still brigher shine, 5
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought ?

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly !
 While Jove attends a language like his own,
 Thy spirit pour like vernal show'rs ; 10
 My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame for war ;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade : 15
 Jove gathers tempest black as night ;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light :
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain, a comet or a star,
 In commerce this, or that in war ; 20
 Let Britons shout ! earth, seas, and skies resound !
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart thro' ev'ry nerve,
 Hear from the throne* a voice thro' time renown'd.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs, 25
 To cheer the glebe, and wake the flow'rs :

* The King's Speech.

The bloom call'd forth, sees azure skies display'd :
 The bird of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious bees ply ev'ry wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade. 30

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her isle's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome :
 Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom ! 35
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, finew, soul of all :
 Trade's all herself : her's, her's the ball :
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ; 40
 The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !
 'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar ; behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call : 45
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome, 50
 In which his majesty first deign'd to dwell ;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon !* 55
 Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan
 Beneath yon load ; created, fure, not made !
 Servant and rival of the skies !
 Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise ;
 What hand immortal rais'd thee ?—humble Trade.

Where hadst thou been if left at large, 61
 Those finewy arms that tugg'd the barge

* St. Paul's built by the coal-tax.

Had caught at Pleasure on the flow'ry green ?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car, 65
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been ?

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom.
Expend it nobly ; he that lets it rust,
Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine ; 70
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ; 75
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace ;
Her's ev'ry sun ; and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds with laurel courts ; 80
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause :
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine !

You lend each other mutual aid ; 85
Why is heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd ?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree ;
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour. 90

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
True joy the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole, 95
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

Merchant ! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are ;

To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
 The mighty stake secure, beyond 100
 The strongest tie of field or fund :
 Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join then religion to thy store,
 Or India's mines will make thee poor.
 Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind, 105
 Sea-fov'reign isle! proud War decline,
 Trade patronize! What glory thine,
 Ardent to bless, who could subdue mankind?

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
 By day, by night; the stars are thine : 110
 Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain and to bestow :
 While ages last! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down, 115
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won :
 This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold :
 Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
 O let Columbus' shade inspire!
 New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old. 120

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than heav'n to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem*: her wide domain
 An universe! her rivers seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please! 125
 Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her eternal fire:
 O noble search! O glorious care! 130
 Are you not Britains? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That trade as long as waters roll:

* Vid. Descriptions of America.

Ah ! no ; the gods chastise my rash decree :
 By great Eliza do not swear :
 For thee, O George ! the gods declare,
 And thou for them ! late time shall swear by thee.

135

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails ;
 Full be thy fame as swelling sails ;
 Constant as tides, thy mind ; as masts, elate ;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm ;
 Thy num'rous race sure anchor of her state.

140

144

STRAIN V.

Contents.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostropheto the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of Glory. Britain's record.

B RITANNIA's state what bounds confine !
 (Of rising thought ! O golden mine !)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set no bound ;
 She fallies till she strikes the star ;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

5

Small isle ! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shewn :
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confin'd.

10

Here no demand for Fancy's wing ;
 Plain Truth's illustrious : as I sing,
 Oh hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay !
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

15

The skies (fair printed page!) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old, 20
 As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng :
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main ; 25
 Thence Argo listens to my strain :
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views ;
 Chiron, the Shovel of a former age. 30

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
 How smiles Arion's* friend with partial beams ?
 Eridanus would flatter too,
 But jealousies his smiles subdue ; 35
 He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
 To see his British brothers reign
 As stars below : the Balance, George ! from thine,
 Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh 40
 More accurate the night and day ;
 From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights !
 How could the wise man gaze whole nights
 On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's air ? 45
 But, oh ! you practice shameful arts ;
 Your own retain, seize others' hearts ;
 Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam,
 Pale Queen ! be flush'd at Britain's fame ; 50
 And, rolling, tell the nations—o'er the main
 " To share her empire is thy pride."
 He, mighty Pow'r ! who curbs the tide,
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

* The Dolphin.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd !
 Britannia's centre, and your bound ?
 Austrian ! where'er Leviathan can roll
 Is Britain's home ! and Britain's mine
 Where'er the rip'ning sun can shine !
 Parts are for emperors ; for her the whole. 60

Why, Austrian ! wilt thou hover still
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the world's ? too late
 Another Churchill thou may'st find,
 Another Churchill not so kind, 65
 And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne ;
 Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;
 Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb 70
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain ?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true ? 75
 Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire ? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdue ?

What naval scene* adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate, 80
 Inspires her councils, and records her power ?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august assembled senates lower.

O language, fit for thoughts so bold ! 85
 Would Britain have her anger told ?
 Ah ! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd. 90

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of council, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly. 95
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

Nay, hers the sword, for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to distant kings:
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd 100
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands, as they fly they roar, 105
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

The fools of Nature ever strike
On bare outsides, and loathe, or like 110
As glitter bids: in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

Whence Tartar grand, or Mogul great? 115
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people sell; one half on th' other feed. 120

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines:
O'er gen'rous glebes, O'er golden mines, 125
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide,
 Thy num'rous fleets might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines.
 Shut be that gate of trade! or woe 130
 To Britains! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
 Ungrateful song! her growth* inspires thy lines.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd, 135
 Devoid of naval skill or might;
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command! 140
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe;
 That awful power the world would brave,
 Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth? 145
 From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
 To George from Noah, Empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade. 150

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
 And power from wealth: of power is made
 The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of War repress'd: what's loss of blood? 155
 War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

Then perish War—detested War!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line? 160
 Why not adore, too, as divine,
 Wide waisting storms before the genial sun?

* Coffee.

Peace is the merchant's summer clear ;
 His harvest—harvest round the year !
 For peace with laurel every mast be bound ; 165
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon found, each sailor shout ;
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd !

Sacred are ships, of birth divine, !
 An angel drew the first design ; 170
 With which the patriarch* Nature's ruin brav'd :
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew,
 The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name !— 175
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law :
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
 Merchants ambassadors ! and thrones in awe ! 180

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the birth of climes :
 Summer and winter theirs ; theirs land and sea :
 Theirs are the seasons, months and years,
 And each a diff'rent garland wears : 185
 O that my song could add eternity !

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds :
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons ! are ye bound ? 190
 O noble voyage, glorious round !
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise, 195
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,

* Noah.

† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.*

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow; 200
Roll to my measures O ye starry throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong. 204

THE MORAL.

Contents.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

B RITAIN! thus blest'd, thy blessing know,
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose who most possess; 5
Then let us blest with awe, and tremble at thy store.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride 10
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown! 15
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these. 20
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe War's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Glorious while heaven-born freedom lasts, 25
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts :
 For what is tyranny ? a monstrous birth
 From luxury, by bribes carefs'd,
 By glowing pow'r in shades compress'd,
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth. 30

THE CLOSE.

Contents.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject.
 How Britain should be sung by all.

THEE, Trade ! I first, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown : 5
 O bless my country ! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why then unsung ? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the gen'rous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain ; 10
 But list with yon ethereal train*
 The shining muse, to serve the public good.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays† :
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng, 15
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares ;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares 20
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain :
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong ;
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

* The stars.

† -----Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;
 Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carme . *Virg.*

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
 That would to glowing *Ætna* rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
 In life or song how rare the true sublime! 30

None British born will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the muse!) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast, 35
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at winds and storms unbroke;
 By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain, 40
 And lives and echoes through the plain,
 While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grov'ling sons of verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the muse with impotent desire; 45
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
 Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow; 50
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around;
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole; to Britain all belong:
 Britain to heaven; from heaven descends my song. 55



A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

THREE happy Job† long liv'd in regal state,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign, 5
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more? 10
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd, 15
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate. 20

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year, nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose, 25
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends; 30
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought: 36
 A pause ensu'd:—when lo, heaven interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies: 40
 (They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.*

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign.
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
 And tells the world's Creator what is just:
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply—
 Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth? 50
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air,

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i, &c. Hence is he said to dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind.

The fir of Senir makes her floor, 25
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her car;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian arms. 30

The worlds last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's let others boast, 35
Her's the far noblest harvest of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
The pride of isles, in wars rever'd! 40
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—but she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his fav'rite isle loud roar's the Main! 45
The tempest howls, her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land one altar! a whole people slain!

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
The fable Hour is coming down; 50
She's on her march from yon almighty throne:
The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood, 55
As crimson deep outcry the flood:
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust! 60

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
 Her sordid nobles sink ! her mighty bow !
 Is it for this the groves around
 Return the tabret's sprightly sound ? 65
 Is it for this her great ones tofs the brow ?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign ?
 To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
 Confounding kindred, and misleading right ?
 The spurious lord it o'er the land, 70
 Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
 Assault the sky, and brandish all her might !

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
 Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
 Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads, 75
 Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
 Her very priests in guilt abound :
 Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold !
 Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold ! 80
 What youth unletter'd ! base ones lifted high !
 What public boasts ! what private views !
 What desert temples ! crowded stews !
 What women—practis'd but to roll an eye !

O ! foul of heart, her fairest dames 85
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
 Alas ! there is who sees them there ;
 There is who flatters not the fair,
 When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants. 90

He sees, and thunders !—Now in vain
 The courser paws and foams the rein,
 And chariots stream along the printed foil :
 In vain her high presumpt'ous air,
 In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare, 95
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain !
 In vain their golden heads her turrets rear ;
 In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits, 100
 Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
 Damascus, vain ! unfolds the glossy store, 105
 The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
 From Arab incense, vain, she boasts ;
 Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !
 The nations hiss ! her glory ends ! 110
 To ships, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;
 Foes meet her there : the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail, 115
 And mast of cedar, nought avail
 Or pilot learn'd ! she sinks, nor sinks alone ;
 Her gods sink with her ! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan. 120

What tho' so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the British right,
 All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet*.
 What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy ?
 At length her foes that isle destroy, 125
 Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
 Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !
 " O fatal pride ! " they cry, " this, this is she
 " Who said—With my own art and arm 130
 " In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
 " And swell'd at heart vain empress of the sea !



YOUNG's POEMS.
The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venns into gold.
Vide Love of Fame Vol. II. Satire 1. Line 179. Page 39.

Drawn by R. Corbould. Engraved by C. Warren for C. Cooke May 1799

- “ This, this is she who meanly soar’d :
 “ Alas ! how low to be ador’d,
 “ And style herself a god !—Thro’ stormy wars 135
 “ This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
 “ High-fed her young with human gore,
 “ And would have built her nest among the stars.

 “ But ah, frail man ! how impotent
 “ To stand heaven’s vengeance, or prevent ! 140
 “ To turn aside the great Creator’s aim !
 “ Shall island kings with him contend,
 “ Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
 “ And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?

 “ Earth, ether, empyreum, bow, 145
 “ When from the brazen mountain’s brow
 “ The God of battles takes his mighty bow :
 “ Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 “ Puts on his vesture dipp’d in blood,
 “ And marches out to scourge the world below. 150

 “ Ah wretched isle, once call’d the great !
 “ Ah wretched isle ! and wise too late !
 “ The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out ;
 “ Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 “ And, freedom lost, the realms deride ; 155
 “ Ador’d thee standing ; o’er thy ruins shout :

 “ To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 “ Was thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
 “ ’Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates :
 “ How art thou fallen, down, down, down ! 160
 “ Wide Waste, and Night, and Horror frown,
 “ Where Empire flam’d in gold, and balanc’d states.”



STRAIN III.

Contents.

An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:

Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.

What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,

A people's crimes solicit down!

5

Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;

Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.

What is large property?—the sign of good,

Of worth superior: if 'tis less,

10

Another's treasure we possess,

And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,

High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's smile:

To vassals prison'd in the continent,

15

Who starve at home on meagre toil,

And suck to death their mother soil,

'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,

And wound the soul; bow genius down,

20

Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,

To throw them at a monster's foot?

'Tis property supports pursuit.

Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;

25

She makes the blood and spirits boil:

I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song. O Muse! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly is no slave. 30

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of ev'ry coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast 35
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams 40
For that, through all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards, the waves, 46
Of servant winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair, 50
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshall'd train! 55
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat;
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet. 60

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her Orion's glories burn,

The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

65

These nations Newton made his own ;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's closing star ;
Decipher'd every character :
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

70

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
Not such the sea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vast tracks and ample beings vaunt ;
The camel low, small elephant ;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

75

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth her largest piece of life!
He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

80

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian roar ;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred ;
“ The seas are ours,”—the monarchs said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

85

Whence is a rival then to rise ?
Can he be found beneath the skies ?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear :
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

91

95

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves ;

Art's noblest boast! but, O! what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

100

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide——
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

105

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low,
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

110

And what have earth's mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

115

120

Blush, and behold the Russian bow;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

125

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old Time is poor; what age boasts such a sight?
Ye drones! adore the man divine—
No; virtue still as mean decline;
Call Russians barb'rous and yourselves polite.

130

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise;

Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar! 135
 That Merchant sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 The king left much, the merchant bury'd more*.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 No; fit for Pindar such a theme, 140
 Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign; 145
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
 With purple monarchs merchants vie:
 If great to spend, what to supply?
 Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour 'em down.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love, 151
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
 Planets are merchants, take, return,
 Lustre and heat; by traffic burn: 155
 The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
 What say the sons of letter'd Fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
 In open life, in change of scene, 160
 'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs; to starry science soars:
 Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen) 165
 The sites, tongues, int'rests, of the ball:
 Who studies trade, he studies all.
 Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men. 168

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb thirteen hundred years after his death, three thousand talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

STRAIN IV.

Contents.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's Church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. His glory navally represented.

HOW shall I farther rouse the soul !
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?
 How ev'ry breast inflame with mine ?
 How bid my theme still brigher shine, 5
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought ?

O thou Dircean swan on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly !
 While Jove attends a language like his own,
 Thy spirit pour like vernal show'rs ; 10
 My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame for war ;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade : 15
 Jove gathers tempest black as night ;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light :
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain, a comet or a star,
 In commerce this, or that in war ; 20
 Let Britons shout ! earth, seas, and skies resound !
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart thro' ev'ry nerve,
 Hear from the throne* a voice thro' time renown'd.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs, 25
 To cheer the glebe, and wake the flow'rs :

* The King's Speech.

The bloom call'd forth, sees azure skies display'd :
 The bird of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious bees ply ev'ry wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade. 30

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her isle's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome :
 Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom ! 35
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, finew, soul of all :
 Trade's all herself : her's, her's the ball :
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ; 40
 The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !
 'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar ; behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call : 45
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome, 50
 In which his majesty first deign'd to dwell ;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon !* 55
 Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan
 Beneath yon load ; created, fure, not made !
 Servant and rival of the skies !
 Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise ;
 What hand immortal rais'd thee ?—humble Trade.

Where hadst thou been if left at large, 61
 Those finewy arms that tugg'd the barge

* St. Paul's built by the coal-tax.

Had caught at Pleasure on the flow'ry green ?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car, 65
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been ?

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom.
Expend it nobly ; he that lets it rust,
Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine ; 70
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ; 75
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace ;
Her's ev'ry sun ; and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds with laurel courts ; 80
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause :
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine !

You lend each other mutual aid ; 85
Why is heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd ?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree ;
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour. 90

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
True joy the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole, 95
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

Merchant ! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are ;

To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
 The mighty stake secure, beyond 100
 The strongest tie of field or fund:
 Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join then religion to thy store,
 Or India's mines will make thee poor.
 Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind, 105
 Sea-fov'reign isle! proud War decline,
 Trade patronize! What glory thine,
 Ardent to bless, who could subdue mankind?

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
 By day, by night; the stars are thine: 110
 Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A rage to gain and to bestow:
 While ages last! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down, 115
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won:
 This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold:
 Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
 O let Columbus' shade inspire!
 New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old. 120

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than heav'n to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem*: her wide domain
 An universe! her rivers seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please! 125
 Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her eternal fire:
 O noble search! O glorious care! 130
 Are you not Britains? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That trade as long as waters roll:

* Vid. Descriptions of America.

Ah ! no ; the gods chastise my rash decree : 135
 By great Eliza do not swear :
 For thee, O George ! the gods declare,
 And thou for them ! late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails ;
 Full be thy fame as swelling sails ; 140
 Constant as tides, thy mind ; as masts, elate ;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm ;
 Thy num'rous race sure anchor of her state. 144

STRAIN V.

Contents.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of Glory. Britain's record.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine !
 (Of rising thought ! O golden mine !)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulphs, oceans, set no bound ;
 She sallies till she strikes the star ;
 Expanding wide, and launching far 5
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

Small isle ! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
 For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,
 Then, when they call'd the world their own, 10
 Not equal fame from fable shewn :
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confin'd.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing ;
 Plain Truth's illustrious : as I sing,
 Oh hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay ! 15
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old, 20
As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng :
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main ; 25
Thence Argo listens to my strain :
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views ;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age. 30

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
How smiles Arion's* friend with partial beams ?
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue ; 35
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below : the Balance, George ! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh 40
More accurate the night and day ;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights !
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's air ? 45
But, oh ! you practice shameful arts ;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts ;
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam,
Pale Queen ! be flush'd at Britain's fame ; 50
And, rolling, tell the nations—o'er the main
“ To share her empire is thy pride.”
He, mighty Pow'r ! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

* The Dolphin.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd !
 Britannia's centre, and your bound ?
 Austrian ! where'er Leviathan can roll
 Is Britain's home ! and Britain's mine
 Where'er the rip'ning sun can shine !
 Parts are for emperors ; for her the whole. 55 60

Why, Austrian ! wilt thou hover still
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the world's ? too late
 Another Churchill thou may'st find,
 Another Churchill not so kind, 65
 And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne ;
 Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;
 Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb 70
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain ?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true ? 75
 Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire ? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdue ?

What naval scene* adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate, 80
 Inspires her councils, and records her power ?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When her august assembled senates lower.

O language, fit for thoughts so bold ! 85
 Would Britain have her anger told ?
 Ah ! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd. 90

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of council, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly. 95
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

Nay, hers the sword, for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to distant kings:
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd 100
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands, as they fly they roar, 105
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

The fools of Nature ever strike
On bare outsides, and loathe, or like 110
As glitter bids: in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

Whence Tartar grand, or Mogul great? 115
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people sell; one half on th' other feed. 120

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines:
O'er gen'rous glebes, O'er golden mines, 125
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide,
 Thy num'rous fleets might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines.
 Shut be that gate of trade! or woe 130
 To Britains! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
 Ungrateful song! her growth* inspires thy lines.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd, 135
 Devoid of naval skill or might;
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command! 140
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe;
 That awful power the world would brave,
 Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth? 145
 From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
 To George from Noah, Empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade. 150

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
 And power from wealth: of power is made
 The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of War repress'd: what's loss of blood? 155
 War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

Then perish War—detested War!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line? 160
 Why not adore, too, as divine,
 Wide waisting storms before the genial sun?

* Coffee.

Peace is the merchant's summer clear ;
 His harvest—harvest round the year !
 For peace with laurel every mast be bound ; 165
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon found, each sailor shout ;
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd !

Sacred are ships, of birth divine, !
 An angel drew the first design ; 170
 With which the patriarch* Nature's ruin brav'd :
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew,
 The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name !— 175
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame†,
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law :
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
 Merchants ambassadors ! and thrones in awe ! 180

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the birth of climes :
 Summer and winter theirs ; theirs land and sea :
 Theirs are the seasons, months and years,
 And each a diff'rent garland wears : 185
 O that my song could add eternity !

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds :
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons ! are ye bound ? 190
 O noble voyage, glorious round !
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise, 195
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,

* Noah.

† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.*

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow; 200
Roll to my measures O ye starry throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong. 204

THE MORAL.

Contents.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

BRITAIN! thus blest'd, thy blessing know,
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose who most possess; 5
Then let us blest with awe, and tremble at thy store.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride 10
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown! 15
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these. 20
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe War's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Glorious while heaven-born freedom lasts, 25
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts :
 For what is tyranny ? a monstrous birth
 From luxury, by bribes carefs'd,
 By glowing pow'r in shades compress'd,
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth. 30

THE CLOSE.

Contents.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject.
 How Britain should be sung by all.

THEE, Trade ! I first, who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown : 5
 O bless my country ! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why then unsung ? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the gen'rous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain ; 10
 But list with yon ethereal train*
 The shining muse, to serve the public good.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays† :
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng, 15
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares ;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares 20
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain :
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong ;
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

* The stars.

† -----Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;
 Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carme . Virg.

Nor, Chandos ! thou the Muse despise
 That would to glowing *Ætna* rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
 In life or song how rare the true sublime! 30

None British born will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd ;
 (How vain the muse !) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast, 35
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound !

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at winds and storms unbroke ;
 By strength not her's sublime : thus proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain, 40
 And lives and echoes through the plain,
 While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grov'ling sons of verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the muse with impotent desire ; 45
 Ye sacrilegious ! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;
 Ye Nereids, dance ; ye billows, flow ; 50
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng !
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around ;
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole ; to Britain all belong :
 Britain to heaven ; from heaven descends my song. 55



A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

THRICE happy Job† long liv'd in regal state,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign, 5
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more? 10
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd, 15
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate. 20

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year, nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose, 25
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends; 30
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought: 36
 A pause ensu'd:—when lo, heaven interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.

Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies: 40
 (They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.*

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign.
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust, 45
 And tells the world's Creator what is just:
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply—
 Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth? 50
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air,

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i, &c. Hence is he said to dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind.

When the bright morning stars in concert sung, 55
 When heaven's high arch with loud hosannas rung,
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball? 60
 Who heav'd the mountain which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
 Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side, 65
 And did a basin for the floods provide:
 I chain'd them with my word: the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
 "Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 "And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd.*
 Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep, 71
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
 Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread, 75
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head.
 Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade? 80
 Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
 My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
 And where has Darkness made her dismal home?
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
 With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought, 85
 Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
 And into being rose beneath thine eye!

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew? 90
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast?
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd, 95
And lays one half of the creation waste?
Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow? 100
And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain, 105
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone. 110
To check the shower who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields 115
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine? 120
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast; 125
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strides through nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
 And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball? 130
 Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
 Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
 And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
 Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he 135
 Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
 That guides the stars along th' etherial plain?
 Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
 Their lustre brighten, and supply their force? 140
 Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
 And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
 Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
 Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know, 145
 And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
 Mine is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
 Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where Daylight shall be born,
 And draw the purple curtains of the Morn? 150
 Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
 And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
 Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
 That pomp of light, what hand so far displays, 155
 That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich powers invest,
 And light up reason in the human breast.
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night? 160
 To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise?
 Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
 "Once and again, which I in groans deplore, 165
 "My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more.
 "My voice is in eternal silence bound,
 "And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd : when, lo ! again th' Almighty spoke
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke !

Can that arm measure with an arm divine ? 171
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine ?

Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise 175
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies ?

Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd ;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake ; 180

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone ;
Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted stand 185
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man ! the vision of a moment made !
Dream of a dream ! and shadow of a shade ! [fram'd,
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd ? 190
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God,* importunate for food ;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?
Who in the stupid ostrich† has subdu'd 195
A parent's care, and fond inquietude ?

* Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κροῖσσω α κροαῖ*, *Aelian. lib. ii. c. 48. is to ask earnestly.* And since there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

-----Stat lumine clauso

Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

Quæ non ipsa videt-----

Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner on the sandy ground ;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky ; 200
 Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray ;
 Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed :
 What time she skims along the field with speed,* 205
 She scorns the rider and pursuing steed.†

How rich the peacock !‡ what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun !
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day ; 210
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies ?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind ; 216
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,§
 An eagle drops her in a lower sky : 220

another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing ; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Lybiæ venantum vocibus ales
 Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
 Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
 Pulverulenta volat-----

Claud in Eutr.

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass, but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adversa maximæ sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

§ Thuanus (*De re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind ; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

An eagle, when, deserting human fight,
 She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight :
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone, 225
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own ;
 Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
 And with a glance predestinates her prey ?*
 She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
 Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore. 230

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
 Roll o'er the mountain goat and forest hind,†
 While, pregnant, they a mother's load sustain ?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed, 235
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed :
 They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
 Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade.
 And find a home in each delightful shade. 240

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
 Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee ?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke ?
 Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care,
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year ; 246
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large ; 250

* The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

† The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth ? for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it ; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, *Pf. xxix.* In so early an age to observe these things may style our author a naturalist.

Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?
 By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountain's spread;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along, 255
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
 The threatening driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
 With thunder his robust distended chest? 260
 No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fullness of his might:
 High rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar, 265
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance, 270
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast, 275
 Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks,
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood, 285
 And, crouch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?

By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,*
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill ; 291
 They rage, they rend ; their rav'nous jaws distil
 With crimson foam ; and when the banquet's o'er
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore :
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust, 295
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame ;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame ;
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food ; 300
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound !
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail ! 305
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel ; his ribs are ribs of brass ;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest and the mountain law. 310
 The mountains feed him ; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire ;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat, 315
 His noontide shelter from the burning heat ;
 Their sedgey bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat ; 320
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain ;
 He sinks a river,† and he thirsts again.

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal. civ. 20*. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine*.

† *Cephesi glaciale caput quo fuetus anhelam
 Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.*
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
 Flumina, &c.* *Claud. Pref. in Ruf.*

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide ;
 With slender hair Leviathan * command, 325
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
 Will he become thy servant ? will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown ?
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play ? 330
 Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize ?
 And the bowl journey round his ample size ?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey ?
 Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win ? 335
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin ?
 Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless might ;
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight ;
 The rashest dare not rouse him up : † who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men ? 340

Am I a debtor ? hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd ?
 My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills ;
 Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own, 345
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne ;
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye ?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise, 349
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size :
 Who, great in arms, e'er stript his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale ?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near ? Behold
 Destruction yawns ; ‡ his spacious jaws unfold,

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

* The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit*.

† This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

‡ The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny *Et totum os*. Martial says to his old woman,

And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose 355
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows ;
What hideous fangs on either side arise !

And what a deep abyss between them lies !
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound ! 360

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
As from a furnace ; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.*

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas, 365

Thy terror, this thy great superior please ;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state ;
His well join'd limbs are dreadfully complete ;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part ;

As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,

Far round are fatal damps of terror spread, 375

The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front ; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.†

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

* This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated ; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

† *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian ; the two last are notoriously so ; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile ; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures

In vain may Death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade ; 380
 His naked breast their impotence defies ;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow ; 385
 His sport the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with a rising mud ;
 The billows feel him as he works his way,
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ; 390
 The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
 And distant sailors point where death has been,

His like earth bears not on her spacious face ;
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd : 395
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around ;
 Makes ev'ry swollen disdainful heart subside,
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd. 400

“ Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might !

“ And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight :

“ But, oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lie

“ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.

“ Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r, 405

“ But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.

“ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,

“ Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee ;

“ Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :

“ Man is not made to question, but adore.” 410

produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it ; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

RESIGNATION.
IN TWO PARTS.
AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B*****

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness ; when
my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. *Psalms lxi. 6.*

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race !
Each leaving as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place !

They who the longest lease enjoy, 5
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth 10
With fear's alarm'd ; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these akin ?
Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes, 15
And am I writing still ?

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults. 20

Permit me, Madam ! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmary,
Sad sister of Decay.

One world deceas'd, another born, 25
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoic'd
His second world to see ;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

30

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread !
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead ;

35

And with them dy'd my joys : the grave
Has broken Nature's laws,
And clos'd against this feeble frame
Its partial cruel jaws :

40

Cruel to spare ! condemn'd to life !
A cloud impairs my sight !
My weak hand disobey's my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? Thalia ! tell ;
Say, long abandon'd muse !
What field of fancy shall I range ?
What subject shall I chuse ?

45

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

50

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze ;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms or empire's blaze,

55

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood restrain ;

60

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd,

O Resignation ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains,
Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains :

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou latest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !

70

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright ;
The glorious consummation thou !
Which fills her orb with light :

75

How rarely fill'd ! the love divine
In evils to discern ;
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn :

80

A melancholy truth ! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall.

85

The task I dread ; dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea ? a dang'rous sea !
What throngs have sunk before !

90

How proud the poet's billows swell !
The God ! the God ! his boast ;
A boast how vain ! what wrecks abound !
Dead bards stench ev'ry coast.

95

What then am I ? shall I presume,
On such a moulted wing,
Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing ?

100

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
 Confine their charming song
 To summer's animating heats,
 Content to warble young.

Yet write I must ; a lady* sues ;
 How shameful her request !
 My brain in labour for dull rhyme !
 Her's teeming with the best !

105

But you a stranger will excuse,
 Nor scorn his feeble strain ;
 To you a stranger, but, through fate,
 No stranger to your pain.

110

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
 His old wound bleeds anew ;
 His sorrows are recall'd to life
 By those he sees in you :

115

Too well he knows the twisted strings
 Of ardent hearts combin'd,
 When rent assunder, how they bleed,
 How hard to be resign'd.

120

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed ;
 The pang you feel he felt ;
 Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
 His heart at your's to melt.

But what can heart or head suggest ?
 What sad Experience say ?
 Thro' truths austere to peace we work
 Our rugged gloomy way.

125

What are we ? whence ? for what ? and wither ?
 We know not needs must mourn :
 But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies !
 Can tears to triumph turn.

130

Thought is our armour ; 'tis the mind's
 Impenetrable shield,

When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore Affliction's field :

135

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns Affection's tide.

140

Affection frail ! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers :

145

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

150

All withers here ; who most possess
Are losers by their gain ;
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle, all is vain :

155

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream ;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer from its end.

160

How wretched ! who, thro' cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content ?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise ;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

165

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account and fair ?

170

We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
The total up—despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd ;
Heav'n wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ; 175
Its strokes severe most kind.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears ; 180

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize ;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

From Virtue's rugged path to right, 185
By Pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault :

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood, 190
And says, Time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man ! 195
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity !
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn. 200

Say not your loss in triumph leads,
Religion's feeble strife ;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long, 205
It bears an early date ;

Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

210

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

215

Thro' Time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

220

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Tho' you may think it slow,
When, in the list of Fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

225

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursu'd,
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of sound important good:"

230

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties;
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

235

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Tho' I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease.

240

An hour shall come, (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,

Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear then, without surprise, a truth, 245
A daughter truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read : 250
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew;
In her a friend he found;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile, 255
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few. 260

To real joy we work our way,
Encount'ring many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe 265
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By stings of life unvex'd; 270
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born 275
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run,

And say, what is a man unstruck?

It is a man undone.

280

This moment am I deeply stung—

My bold pretence is try'd

When vain man boasts, heaven puts to proof

The vauntings of his pride.

Now need I, Madam! your support.—

285

How exquisite the smart!

How critically tim'd the news*

Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke I feel:

If worth like thine is born,

290

O long belov'd! I bless the blow,

And triumph whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd

By reason's empire shown,

Deep anguish comes by heaven's decree,

295

Continues by our own;

And when continu'd past its point,

Indulg'd in length of time,

Grief is disgrace, and what was fate

Corrupts into a crime.

300

And shall I, criminally mean,

Myself and subject wrong?

No; my example shall support

The subject of my song.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,

305

Nor little is your gain:

Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,

It richly pays your pain.

When heaven would kindly set us free,

And earth's enchantment end,

310

It takes the most effectual means,

And robs us of a friend.

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

But such a friend!—and sigh no more!
'Tis prudent, but severe:
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow—with this tear.

315

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

320

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
'Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

325

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

330

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress.

335

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love, sometimes, mistaken Love!
Plays Disaffection's part.

340

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Tho' transports are denied.

Are you not then unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

345

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy, 350
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part their peace destroy ?

He lives in those he left ;—to what !
Your now paternal care :
Clear from its clouds your brighten'd eye, 355
It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd. 360

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophecy your joy
From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek ? 365
Fan then his martial fire,
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his fire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow ; 470
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam ! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field 375
(Proud boasters !) than to you.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born. 380

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
High-way'd o'er all the world ;

It, like a streaming meteor, casts 385
An universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher, 390
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire ?

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, tho' costing dear, 395
You'll think it cheaply bought.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Outacts a Cæsar's toil. 400

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford ;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas 405
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view 410
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you !

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, and absurd 415
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace. 420

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against heav'n's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred, 425
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By Perseverance brought.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran ; 430
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face ;
And light, in sons of honest Joy, 435
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignations' lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind. 440

Resign ; and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down 445
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause ! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above 450
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense, 455
Their prospect at the sun :

From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.

460

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run ;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

465

Fatal mistake ! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

470

Tho' man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man :
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

475

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate ;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

480

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father ! plead ;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair ?
Of love divine the child :
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

485

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

490

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas ;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please, 495

To final good the worst events
Thro' secret channels run ;
Finish, for man, their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun. 500

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That heav'n in man delights.

What's known to man of things unseen, 505
Of future worlds or fates ?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

What's revelation then ? a list,
An inventory just, 510
Of that poor insect's goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice !
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight ? Our joy is felt 515
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight ?
A smiling world, when heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight ! 520

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays ;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke 525
Of heav'n's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God ?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand ; 530
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below 535
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love ! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand ?
To banish sorrow, and be blest'd,
Is thy supreme command. 540

Are such commands but ill obey'd ?
Of bliss shall we complain ?
The man who dares to be a wretch
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health ; 545
The sunshine of the soul ;
Our best encomium on the pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole.

Joy is our Eden still possessed :
Begone, ignoble Grief ! 550
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief :

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know ;
Transport's the language of the skies,] 555
Content the style below.

Content is joy ; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too ;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue. 560

Of joy the more we have in hand
The more have we to come ;
Joy, like our money, int'rest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

“ But how to smile, to stem the tide
“ Of nature in our veins;
“ Is it not hard to weep in joy?
“ What then to smile in pains?”

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles thro’ a storm, 570
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex by nature bold,
What then in your’s? ’tis di’mond there, 575
Triumphant o’er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply. 580

Since spirits greatly damp’d distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul; 585
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul’s horizon clears.

A friend’s an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o’er; 590
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength, 595
Assumes a female air.

A friend you have,* and I the same,
Whose prudent soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy’d in your distress. 600

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n. 605

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
Despotic Body reigns. 610

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! she's stone blind,
And quite mistakes her mark: 615

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good. 620

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind,

On pillows void of down for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at least,
Our hearts repose in peace. 625

That peace, which resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less. 630

The loss or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year. 635

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd. 640

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat 645
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O grant to those I love 650
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess, 655
And light me to my theme?

A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array. 660

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by Fate, 665
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

But as those ladies' * works I read,
They darted such a ray, 670
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run,

675

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign;

680

Her helmet took; that this, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And Gorgon shield,—or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly dreadful shone;
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

685

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddesses fled.

690

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

695

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

700

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I shew, whilst I relate.

705

708

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
“In ruffling seasons to be calm,
“And smile while fortune frowns.

Heaven's choice is safer than our own:

5

Of ages past inquire.

What the most formidable fate?

“To have our own desire.”

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes

You wish extremely ill;

10

Expose him to the thunder's stroke,

Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep

Of inclination strong,

Have perish'd in their ardent wish!

15

Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,

Most wrong, as it implies

Error most fatal in our choice,

Detachment from the skies,

20

By closing with the skies, we make

Omnipotence our own;

That done, how formidable Ill's

Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,

25

Ourselves above we rise;

We scarce believe ourselves below;

We trespass on the skies.

The Lord, and Soul, and source of all,

Whilst man enjoys his ease,

30

Is executing human will

In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

35

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This the sublime of man!

40

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a soil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

“All that the sun surveys subdu'd,
“But Cato's mighty mind”——
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

45

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

50

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heav'n the rest:

55

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown:
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

60

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, “Thy will be done,”
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest'd martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King.

65

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

70

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state!

How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate!

75

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!

His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
My sole asylum thou.

80

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,

'Tis thine to reconcile

My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,

Whilst here I draw my breath,

That promise of eternal life,

A glorious smile in death!

85

What sight, heaven's azure arch beneath,

Hast most of heav'n to boast!

The man resign'd, at once serene,

And giving up the ghost.

90

At Death's arrival they shall smile

Who, not in life o'er-gay,

Serious and frequent thought send out

To meet him in his way.

95

My gay Coevals! (such there are)

If happiness is dear,

Approaching Death's alarming day

Discreetly let us fear.

100

The fear of Death is truly wise,

Till wisdom can rise higher;

And, arm'd with pious fortitude,

Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climacteric vanities 105
The vainest will despise ;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

But am not I myself the man ?
No need abroad to roam 110
In quest of faults to be chastis'd ;
What cause to blush at home !

In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first, 115
And tempts the lash of Truth ;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage ?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage ? 120

Here, Madam ! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

And if your breast with prudent zeal 125
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire ! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due ; 130
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit !
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet, 135
For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot ;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot ; 140

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What tho' your Muse has nobly soar'd, 145
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this*? 150
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war
Is obstinately bent†,
Like wits below, to sow your tares 155
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx? 160

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke;
We shudder, whilst we praise:

A curious web, as finely wrought 165
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air, 170
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;

* andid.

† Second Part.

His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate :

175

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts !
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

180

“ But great your name ”—To feed on air
Were then immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcass from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save ?

185

But fame you lose ; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim ;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

190

Nor boast your genius ; talents bright
E'en dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is mis'd
A genius for the skies.

195

Your taste, too, fails : what most excels,
True taste must relish most ;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast ?

200

Sound heads salvation's helmet* seek ;
Resplendent are its rays :
Let that suffice ; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—All is right†,
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

205

* Eph. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

If so, all's well : who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n ; 210
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
“ Voltaires are now in heav'n.”

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends 215
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress ;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express. 220

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair :
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care.

I behold passing thro' my life ; 225
His awful voice I hear ;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear :

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight ? 230
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll ;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine 235
Chase darkness from my soul !

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ; 240

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within ;

A world that shall survive the fall 245
Of all his wonders here ;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines !
For time how great his care ! 250
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell ;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown, 255
By what I now shall tell ?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace : 260

Thro' all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he pursu'd ;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due Resignation home to press 265
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
Beneath the mask of ill !

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire ! 270
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know !)
Mounting the summit of my wish, 275
Profoundly plung'd in woe ?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless :
Oft I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success. 280

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path 285
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain, 290
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free;
A thousand miseries we feel, 295
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less:
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success. 300

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds, 305
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown; 310
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self recording lines;
A record modesty forbids, 315
Or to small bound confines,

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wisdom cannot bear.

320

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end:

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

325

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

330

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose.

335

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

340

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

345

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

350

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind. 355

Enter your bosom ; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you. 360

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, thro' life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being ! and in him 365
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse ; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart, 370
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf 375
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,
“ E'en be content with God.” 380

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd ;
Thro' greater took him hence :
This reason fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by Sense.

This friend far past the kindest kind, 385
Is past the greatest great ;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart,
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear.

390

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

395

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

400

A smile which thro' eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

405

Here, then, your sorrows cease, if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away.

410

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

415

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of Gods impartial care.

420

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near? so kind?—

425

How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

430

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

435

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

440

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r, in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

445

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

450

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please:
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

455

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love;

460

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than the sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

465

Yea, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

470

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears;
And thus by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres:

475

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

480

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!
Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

485

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

490

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

495

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown !

500

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;

505

Say, what is Resignation ? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood ;
And Wisdom grasping, with a hand
Far stronger, ev'ry good.

510

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust.

515

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain,
Of darkness in the sun.

520

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough ?

What though I'm swallow'd in the deep ?
Though mountains o'er me roar ?
Jehovah reigns ! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

525

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form :
Roar, Waves ! rage, Winds ! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

530

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring streams below. 535

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire : 540

To thee aspiring they exult :
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast. 545

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
Distracted or resign'd. 550

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth !) in heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain ? 555

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ? 560

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime,
Can indignation raise ?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise :

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two. 565

For, oh! ingratitude how black!

With most profound amaze

570

At love, which man, belov'd, o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers and warms, like gen'rous wine;

Praise, more divine than prayer:

Prayer points our ready path to heaven;

575

Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,

And banish all complaint;

All virtues thronging into one,

It finishes the saint;

580

Makes the man blest as man can be;

Life's labours renders light;

Darts beams through Fate's incumbent gloom,

And lights our sun by night.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,

585

The richest gift of Grace,

Rival of angels, and supreme

Proprietor of peace:

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree

Of rapture 'twill impart;

590

Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heaven,

"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise?

Deny'd divine support,

All virtue dies; support divine

595

The wise with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,

'Tis mounted on his wing,

Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains

Sure audience of its King.

600

The lab'ring soul from sore distress

That blest'd expedient frees;

I see you far advanc'd in peace;

I see you on your knees.

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone ?
An humble heart, God's other seat* !
The rival of his throne.

605

And stoops Omnipotence so low ?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd in such a cell ?]

610

Such honour how shall we repay !
How treat our guest divine ?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : Resign.

615

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
Now let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

620

What our sole fountain of distress ?
Strong passion for this scene ;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

625

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

630

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral pow'rs possess'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast !

635

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end ;

640

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came ;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam :

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd, 645
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies ;

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose, 650
Those phantoms charm no more,
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor :

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Nor wait enlightened minds to learn 655
That lesson from the grave.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown. 660

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man :

The man is dead where virtue fails ; 665
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth ,
Tho' grasping wealth, fame, pow'r, 670
But what, O Death ! thro' thy approach
Is wiser ev'ry hour.

Approach how swift ! how unconfin'd !
Worms feast on viands rare ;
Those little epicures have kings 675
To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

680

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd;
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

685

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it thro' the thin
Partition of an hour.

690

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

695

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise,

700

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

705

Affaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

710

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.

715

Tho' Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey?

720

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

725

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

730

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birthday of their sorrow;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

735

These are cold, northern thoughts conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle* is my lot:

740

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!

745

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
Far other judges sit ;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit :

750

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

755

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bless'd eternity ;
O may'st thou never, never lose
That more than golden key* !

760

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse ;
Your good I have at heart ;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part :

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust
That we are still alive ?

765

What have we left ? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave ?
When life, so vain ! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

770

Happier than happiest life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield :

775

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

780

* Alluding to Prussia.

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix !
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at fix !

To mend the movements of your heart, 785
How great is my delight !
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright !

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands : 790
Repent, recant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of Folly, by lewd wits possessed, 795
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues :
'Tis well, pursue it still :
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will : 800

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number and in name ! 804

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume ;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

Tho' public frowns, and censures loud, 8
My puerile employ :
The just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Or re-assume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

10

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

15

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

20

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—

25

“Above, beneath the sun,
“Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
“Jehovah's will be done.”

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

30

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe.

35

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

40

You know, that Virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping Error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead ? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort ;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port. 45

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn ! 50
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born.

When ev'ry other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate, 55
Is swiftly hurl'd away ;

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just !
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust ! 60

Well pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ ;
'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate, 65
My fate shall be my choice ;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause ! triumphant hope !
O rich eternity ! 70
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And thou ! its great inhabitant !
How glorious dost thou shine !
And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death, 75
A beam of joy divine.

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel. 80

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
Too deeply can instil;
A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will;

85

Tho' will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

90

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme:

95

But, oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thought in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

100

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"In deed beneath the taught!"

105

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a way to hell.

110

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels strike the lyre!

115

How cold is man ! to him how hard,
 (Hard what most easy seems)
 "To set a just esteem on that
 "Which yet he most esteems."

120

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
 Is offer'd to mankind,
 And to that offer when a race
 Of rationals is blind ?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
 Are our ideas wrought ;
 Of human merit, ne'er too low
 Depress'd the daring thought.

125

128

THE INSTALMENT.

TO THE

*RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.**Quæsitam meritis.**Hor.*

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame ;
 I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead ! ye garter'd sons of praise !
 Our morning stars ! our boast in former days !
 Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display, 5
 Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
 Stoop and attend : by one the knee be bound,
 One throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;
 By that the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
 This clasp the di'mond girdle round his waist ; 10
 His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
 Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
 And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
 None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty genius forth, 15
 To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
 Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
 It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil ;

His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
 Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course! 20
 That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
 Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
 When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
 Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far, 25
 His azure ribband and his radiant star;
 A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
 Thy vessel safe thro' Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer
 A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere, 30
 And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
 In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
 If War's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
 Thro' that black cloud which, rising from the Thames,
 With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent 35
 To claim the seas, and awe the continent:
 This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
 A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the Muse shall kindle and aspire;
 My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire; 40
 The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
 Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
 My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
 What slender worth forbids us to despair:
 Be this thy partial smile from censure free, 45
 'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my Muse,
 Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
 False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
 Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men. 50
 This profanation of celestial fire
 Makes fools despise what wise men should admire.
 Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their authors merit, but their own.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed 55
 From verse rank Flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep, one means must set them free;
 Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
 Nor those retain when winter chills the year, 60
 The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the sun,
 With vig'rous charms can thro' the seasons run ;
 Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
 And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen ;
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring, 65
 And 'midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
 At once her ornament and profit too ;
 The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
 Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam. 70
 He, when the nipping blasts of Envy rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise ;
 Let fall no honours, but, securely great,
 Unfaded holds the colour of his fate ;
 No winter knows, tho' ruffling factions press, 75
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success ;
 One glory shed, a brighter is display'd,*
 And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
 In deep eternity to launch thy name ! 80
 Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
 But what chaste Truth indites old Time shall read.

“ Behold ! a man of ancient faith and blood,
 “ Which soon beat high for hearts and public good :
 “ Whose glory great, but natural, appears, 85
 “ The genuine growth of services and years ;
 “ No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
 “ And fondly gilt by partial majesty ;
 “ One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease ;
 “ One born to serve us, and yet born to please ; 90
 “ Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
 “ The prince may trust, and yet the people praise ;
 “ His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
 “ His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere ;
 “ His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle, 95
 “ And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile.”

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

Joy then to Britain, blest'd with such a son ;
 To Walpole joy ! by whom the prize is won ;
 Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate ;
 True greatness lies in daring to be great. 100
 Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
 To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
 Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
 The pride of modesty to Virtue's cause.
 Honours which make the face of Virtue fair, 105
 'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
 'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
 Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
 Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time. 110

Proud chiefs, alone in fields of slaughter fam'd,
 Of old his azure bloom of glory claim'd ;
 As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
 The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
 Now rival Wisdom dares the wreath divide, 115
 And both Minervas rise in equal pride,
 Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
 Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
 Let Fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes ;
 They coldly court desert who fame despise : 120
 For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail ?
 And what applause but her propitious gale ?
 When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
 To glorious aims, as to the port design'd ;
 When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar, 125
 She toils ! she pants ! nor gains the flying shore !
 From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
 By blasts of Envy or by Fortune's tide ;
 For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
 Of equal talents, ere they make the coast. 130

Then let Renown to worth divine incite
 With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
 Then Merit droops, and Genius downwards tends,
 When godlike Glory, like our land descends.
 Custom the Garter long confin'd to few, 135
 And gave to birth exalted virtue's due :

Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down,
 And high Desert embraces fair Renown.
 Tho' rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
 (Smiling in justice to their own decree) 140
 This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
 On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
 From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
 Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
 Gods are most Gods by giving to excel, 145
 And kings most like them by rewarding well.

Tho' strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn aright,
 Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
 But if an eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky. 150

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
 And wound, perhaps, the worth I mean to praise,
 Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
 Not lifted by my genius, but my theme,

No more; for in this dread suspense of Fate 155
 Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
 Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are bent
 On mighty Brunswick for the great event;
 Brunswick! of kings the terror or defence!
 Who dares detain thee at a world's expence? 160

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

Occasioned by

THE BRITISH FLEET,

AND

THE POSTURE OF AFFAIRS, MDCCXXXIV.

Written in the Character of a Sailor.

Musa debet fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. Hor.

YE guardian Gods! who wait on kings,
 And gently touch the secret springs
 Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
 For a poor stranger come from far;
 Procure a suppliant traveller
 Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech, 5

'Tis gain'd. Hail, monarchs great and wise!
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun and purple vine; 10
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys 15
A fleet whose empire o'er the wave
You grant Time strengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

O great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the sword, 20
Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
Arise, ye boast of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

'Tis done: and see! sweet Clio brings 25
From heav'n her deep-resounding strings,
Clio! the god * which gave thy charming shell,
Demands its most exalted strain
To sing the sov'reign of the main:
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell? 30

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
Or vision in a southern court:
But, mighty Throdes! those truths which make me glow
Your fathers saw, your sons shall see;
Then quit your infidelity. 35
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

Believe me, kings! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
The lofty pines assume new forms, 40
Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

* Neptune.

She nods again : the lab'ring earth
Discloses a stupendous birth ;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ; 45
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of Wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will : 50
Ye nations ! know ; know, all ye scepter'd pow'rs !
In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

Bold is the style when hearts are bold : 55
Would Britain have her anger told ?
O ! never let a meaner language sound
Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

In peace she sheathes her courage keen, 61
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire ;
But give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas, 65
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove, 70
Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

This, this, my monarchs ! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men ;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent !
You sport in arms ; how pale, how tame, 76
How lambent is Bellona's flame !
How her storms languish on the continent !

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb ; 80
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair. 85
My Patrons ! what a burst was there !
The strong ribb'd barks at once disploding fly !
Infatiate Death ! compendious Fate !
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state !
One moment's guilt a thousand heroes die. 90

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obsequies !) the fable wave
Involves in endless night. Ye graveless dead !
Where are your conquests ! now you rove
Pale, pensive, thro' the coral grove, 95
Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wrath's design'd,
In sea-weed wrapt. Alas ! how vain 100
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind !

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
Shut up in triple brass the more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst explain, 105
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

See ! yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible : 110
And can the charms of gold that faint inspire !
O cursed cause ! O curs'd event !
O wondrous pow'r of accident !
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

But the rank growth of modern ill 115
 Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
 The skill by which destruction swiftly runs,
 And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste
 With far more terror, far more haste,
 Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons. 120

In frown and force old War must yield :
 The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
 The ram, the castled elephant, were tame,
 Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies,
 Superior terror to the skies, 125
 And claims the cloud, the thunder and the flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
 The graveless dead, the ocean warm'd, 130
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

Or do I dream, or do I rave ?
 Or do I see the gloomy cave
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ? 135
 The swarthy gods of toil and heat
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna ! hear my call ;
 Let your unfinish'd labours fall, 140
 That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue :
 Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng !
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin : and, first, take winged flight, 145
 Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night.
 And trembling Terror, paler than the dead ;
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans and death ; one phial pour
 Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made. 150

Yet, peace celestial ! may thy charms
 Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms :
 If scenes of blood avenging fates decree,
 For thee the sword brave Britons wield ;
 For thee charge o'er th' embattled field, 155
 Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas, for thee.

E'en now for peace the gods are press'd ;
 We woo the nations to be bless'd ;
 For peace, victorious kings ! we call to you :
 For peace on pinions of the dove, 160
 Soft emblem of eternal love !
 Thro' trackless air and desert skies I flew.

My former lays,* of rough contents,
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of ordnance to confess 165
 Your height of dignity, to clear
 Your deaf, your late obstructed ear,
 And wake attention to more mild address.

Have I not heard you both declare,
 Your hearts detest the purple war, 170
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose !
 Hail, then ! all hail ! your wish is crown'd,
 Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
 Thro' Europe bless'd, with joy her heart o'erflows.

Your friend, your brother of the North, 175
 To meet your arms comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed Peace : how pow'rful he !
 His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden empire, radiant fight !
 Endless beam on into eternity. 180

What long allies !—the virgin train
 Your most obdurate foes may gain ;
 See how their charms in lineal lustre shine !
 Thro' ev'ry genuine branch the fire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire : 185
 The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

* The foregoing stanzas.

How fair the field! ye Aonian bees! *
 The flow'rs ambrosial fondly seize,
 Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
 That gods may lean from heav'n to hear, 190
 And my thron'd Patron's ravish'd ear
 The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

E'en mine they taste, and with success:
 Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
 The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment; 195
 No frenzy, taking friends for foes;
 The pulse subsides; they seek repose;
 Nor I my winged embassy repent.

No: by the blood of Bleinheim's plain
 I swear the rumour'd war is vain: 200
 Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease!
 I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
 I swear by great Eliza's shade,
 The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old 205
 Not all infallibly foretold)
 We set our naval terrors in array.
 Know, Britons! an Augustus reigns;
 If foes compel, send forth your chains,
 While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey. 210

O, could I sing as you have fought,
 I'd raise a monument of thought
 Bright as the sun!—How you burn at my heart!
 How the drums all around
 Soul-rising resound! 215
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the swords flame on high!
 How the cannons' deep knell
 Fates of kingdoms foretel!
 How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part, 220
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart!

* Ye poets.

But who gives conquest? he whose ray
 To darkness turns the blaze of day;
 Whose boundless favour far outflows the main;
 Whose pow'r the raging waves can still, 225
 And curb more rebel human will.—
 With peace O bless us! or in war sustain.

Dost thou sustain?—Ye twinkling fry!
 That swim the seas, glide gently by;
 Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
 Ah! gently glide for life's dear sake, 231
 Nor dare leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

And now who censures this Address?
 Thus crown, states, common men, make peace; 235
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy;
 And when rank Int'rest has prevail'd,
 And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
 Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.

Ambassadors! ye mouths of kings! 240
 Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
 What tho' the Muse your province proudly chose?
 'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
 Her province you long since invade,
 Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of prose. 245

More safe, O Muse! that humble vale,
 Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
 Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
 Dulness and Frenzy curse thy streams,
 Rocks, infamous for murder'd names! 250
 O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
 Or tented fields, or dusty plains,
 The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,
 'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first, 255
 That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
 Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame ;
 When such the patrons, such the theme, 259
 Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine ?
 Truth, simple Truth, I poudly drefs'd
 In Fancy's robe, her flow'ry vest
 Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

But, ah ! 'tis past ; I sink ; I faint ;
 Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint ; 265
 The refluent raptures from my bosom roll.
 To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
 And all her golden visions fade,
 Ne'r to revisit my tumultuous soul.

My vocal Shell ! which Thetis form'd 270
 Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
 With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
 And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
 Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd ; 274
 My Shell ! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
 Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
 Adieu, pacific Lyre ! my laurell'd Thrones ! adieu.
 Hear, Atticus ! your sailor's song : I sing, I live for you.

SOME THOUGHTS.

OCCASIONED BY

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE

Inscribed to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES ! immortal in far more than fame !
 Be thou illustrious in far more than pow'r.
 Great things are small when greater rise to view.
 Tho' station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
 Disdain not to peruse my serious song, 5
 Which peradventure, may push by the world :
 Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
 And leave Europa's counsels less mature ;
 For thou art noble, and the theme is great.

† The late rebellion in 1745.

Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's supreme prerogative to stamp
On other's minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal:
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'st give life to Virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our fires,
Turn satires on their sunk degen'rate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the Minister, the Prince, adorn;
No pow'r is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his pow'r?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Tho' this supported, that adorn'd so well.
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious follows; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?

Less fear we rugged ruffians of the North, 50
 Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home :
 Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
 Than traitors lurking in our appetites ;
 Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
 Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace : 55
 Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.
 Against those rioters send forth the laws,
 And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
 Tho' some seem more importunate and great. 60
 Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'rests spread
 Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
 And their grand entries make on distant lands ;
 Tho' Britain's Genius the wide wave bestrides,
 And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands 65
 With one foot planted on the continent ;
 Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
 Tho' such high cares should call as call'd of late ;
 The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
 And Europe's little ballance drop a while ; 70
 For greater drop it : ponder and adjust
 The rival int'rests and contending claims
 Of life and death, of now and of for-ever ;
 Sublimest theme ! and needful as sublime.
 Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd, 75
 Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boast's !)
 Thus every statesman thought that ever—dy'd.
 There's inspiration in a fable hour,
 And Death's approach makes politicians wise.

When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell ; 80
 When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
 Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
 His gasping grandeur ! naked on the strand,
 Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
 Assistance ; no more wallowing in his wealth, 85
 Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
 On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
 And sunk beneath the level of a man ?
 On the grand article the sum of things !

The point of the first magnitude! that point
 Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach; 90
 Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
 First right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
 Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
 These, these are politics will stand the test, 95
 When finer politics their master sting,
 And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
 These, these are politics will answer now,
 (When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
 Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme. 100
 All safety rests on honest counsels: these
 immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
 Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
 In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
 Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally, 105
 Which honest counsels never fail to fix
 In favour of an unabandon'd land;
 A land—that starts at such a land as this,
 A parliament, so principled, will sink
 All ancient schools of empire in disgrace, 110
 And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
 Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
 Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
 It warms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins;
 Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field, 115
 Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
 Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
 O what illustrious images arise!
 Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
 By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes, 120
 What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
 Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
 Ye Scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
 Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
 Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! stay. 125
 Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
 High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of War
 Beats to the ancient measure, that grand march
 Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,

And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain. 130

No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks,
With blushes ; their renown our shame no more.

In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain ; crossiers ; crossiers are laid by ;
Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves 135

Her half-turn'd furrow : other harvests fire

A nobler av'rice, av'rice of renown !

And laurels are the growth of ev'ry field.

In distant courts is our commotion felt ;

And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones. 140

What arm can want or sinews or success,

Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends

With all the weight of British wrath to cleave

The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,

At ev'ry stroke, and save a sinking land ? 145

Or death or victory must be resolv'd ;

To dream of mercy, O how tame ! how mad !

Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd

Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they shed ;

By giving, not supporting, pains and death ! 150

Nor simple death ! where they the greatest saints

Who most subdue all tendernefs of heart ;

Students in torture ! where, in zeal to him,

Whose darling title is the Prince of Peace,

The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes ; 155

To save us in a world they recommend,

And yet forbear, themselves with earth content :

What modesty !—such virtues Rome adorn !

And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,

Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell !

And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore, 160

Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,

And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd

Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,

To cut his passage to the British throne ? 165

One that has suck'd in malice with his milk.

Malice to Briton, Liberty, and Truth ?

Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,

The howling nurse of plund'ring Romulus,

Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there. 170
 Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still:
 Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heav'n!
 Nature's anointed Empress of the deep!
 The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
 Supreme in commerce! that exub'rant source 175
 Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
 The circling current in a nation's veins,
 To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
 This once so celebrated seat of pow'r,
 From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
 Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast! 181
 This terror of Armadas! this true bolt
 Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
 Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
 This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
 Which says to their ambition's foaming waves, 186
 "Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
 Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
 Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest sons. 190
 By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
 Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
 Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
 Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
 By your own valour won. This sacred isle, 195
 Cut from the continent, that world of slaves;
 This temple built by Heaven's peculiar care,
 In a recess from the contagious world,
 With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
 And dedicated, long, to Liberty, 200
 That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life!
 This temple of still more divine: of faith
 Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
 Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly stamp,
 And (rising both in lustre and in weight) 205
 With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine;
 Why should she longer droop? why longer act
 As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
 Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,

And give him leave, among his dastard troops, 210

To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?

Send his self-impotent ambition aid,

And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?

Where are her foes most fatal? blushing Truth,

"In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies. 215

Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;

Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.

If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,

What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?

Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim. 220

But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,

The shaken bark of Britain, should outride

The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?

Give it that ballast which alone has weight 225

With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.

Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:

Above the Florentine's court-science raise;

Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;

The pattern, and the patron, of the just: 230

Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;

Give its own terror to the sword she draws.

Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious truth;

Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.

When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd

Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall; 236

Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;

Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,

Or gives the sword commission to destroy;

Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;— 240

Emafcipated, then, most manly might;

Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:

Then wither'd Weakness foils the finewy arm

Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields 245

With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,

What do they? This; and more what can they do?

When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,

The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,

By such bold inroads into foreign lands. 250
 Such elongation of our armaments,
 But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
 While Heav'n commands her executioner,
 Some less abandon'd nation to discharge
 Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow, 255
 And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength ;
 " And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."

O Britain! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
 Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes.
 With all that's great in war or sweet in peace! 260
 Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
 Tho' bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
 Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
 Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
 Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard ; 265
 In him, who thee, tho' naked, could defend :
 Tho' weak, could strengthen : ruin'd, could restore.

How oft' to tell what arm defends thine isle,
 To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
 Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War? 270
 Or rather won the day, when War despair'd?
 How oft' has providential succour aw'd,
 Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt?
 Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
 And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too! 275

Well may we tremble now ; what manners reign?
 But wherefore ask me, when a true reply
 Would shock too much? Kind heav'n! avert events
 Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
 Heav'n's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
 In northern skies, and pointed to the south. 281
 Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments ;
 More formidably blackens in the wind ;
 Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended storm.

"That public vice portends a public fall."—
 Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
 Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?
 Far from it. This is certain ; this is fate.

What says Experience, in her awful chair 290
 Of ages, her authentic annals spread
 Around her? What says Reason, eagle-ey'd?
 Nay, what says Common-sense, with common care
 Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
 All give one verdict, one decision sign; 295
 And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:
 "Whatever secondary props may rise
 "From politics, to build the public peace,
 "The basis is the manners of the land.
 "When rotten these, the politician's wiles 300
 "But struggle with destruction, as a child
 "With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
 "The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
 "Or military phantoms void of force,
 "But scare away the vultures for an hour; 305
 "The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
 "The stench of profligates!) soon lures them back;
 "On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
 "Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
 "Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin; 310
 "Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils,
 "Of universal empire sure presage!
 "Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude,
 The colours of their manners, black or fair, 315
 Falls from above; from the complexion falls
 Of state Othellos, or white men in pow'r:
 And from the greater height example falls,
 Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
 In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke: 320
 From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
 The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
 What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
 To duty, double duty, are the great?
 And are there Sampsons that can burst them all? 325
 Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
 Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose gen'rous blood
 Aids mental motives to push on renown,
 In emulation of their glorious fires,

From whom rolls down the consecrated stream. 330
 Some sow good seed in the glad people's hearts,
 Some cursed tares, like Satan, in the text:

This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
 A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
 In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes, 335
 Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
 Of boasted oracles, and real lies,

(Aided perhaps by second-sighted Scots,
 French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
 A Gothic hero* rising from the dead, 340
 And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
 With succour suitable from lower still)

A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
 Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
 Rend up her ancient honours by the root, 345
 And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
 Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
 And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hagues,
 Her Cresseys, and her Bleinheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror thro' the breast, 350
 Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breast where honour reigns,
 Thro' ev'ry breast where honour claims a share?
 Yes, and thro' ev'ry breast of honour void!
 This thought might animate the dregs of men;
 Ferment them into spirit; give them fire 255
 To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
 Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.

What wreck of empire has the stream of Time
 Swept, with their vices, from the mountain height
 Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind, 360
 To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
 Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!

Those names at which surrounding nations shook,
 Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forgot!
 Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye, 365
 But Nature's course; no single chance against it.

For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
 'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
 What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why surpris'd?—
 For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call, 371
 And how divine was the monition giv'n?
 As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
 My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
 While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
 As giving signal of some strange event, 376
 And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
 Albion the fair! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is now contested by her foes,
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright, 380
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
 By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

“Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires least,
 “Tho' least in size; hear Britain! thou whose lot, 385
 “Whose final lot, is in the balance laid!
 “Irresolutely play the doubtful scales, [from me,
 “Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know then
 “As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
 “State-ministers, as upright or corrupt, 390
 “Are balm or poison in a nation's veins;
 “Health or distemper; hasten or retard
 “The period of her pride, her day of doom:
 “And tho', for reasons obvious to the wise,
 “Just Providence deals otherwise with men, 395
 “Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
 “'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
 “Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death.”
 Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
 Is Britain on her deathbed?—No, that groan 400
 Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despis'd,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
 With rev'rence read; with steadfastness believe;
 With courage act as such belief inspires; 405
 Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;

Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of Time,
 By nations sav'd, resounding your applause.
 While deep beyond your monument's proud base, 410
 In black Oblivion's kennel shall be trod,
 Their execrable names who, high in pow'r,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state!) give Vice her head,
 To license lewd let loose the public rein; 415
 Quench ev'ry spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate's applause:
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
 Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins, 420
 To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd,
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome;
 Hawk'd thro' the world by consecrated bulls;
 And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf, 426
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
 Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
 Of bodies politic that destin'd hell, 430
 Inflicted here, since here their beings end:
 'That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall,
 And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
 On disbelievers—of the Statesman's Creed.

Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies 435
 By most, or all) these truths political
 Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
 Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
 The Christian Creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
 And on the Statesman's build a nobler name. 440

This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
 With which authentic chronicle abounds,
 As all men know, and therefore must believe;
 This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
 Pour'd on them here, where only they exist, 445
 What is it but an argument of sense,

Or rather demonstration, to support
 Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
 "That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
 "Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?" 450

For God is equal, similarly deals
 With states and persons, or he were not God;
 With means, a rectitude immutable,
 A pattern sure of universal right.

What then shall rescue an abandon'd man? 455

Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?

Reply'd by politicians well as priests:

Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
 The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.

Thus (what might seem a daring paradox) 460

Ev'n politics advance divinity:

True masters there are better scholars here.

Who travel history in quest of schemes

To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,

May there start truths that other aims inspire, 465

And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By Providence turn Christians on their road:

Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;

May be surpris'd with better than they sought,

And entertain an angel unawares. 470

Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.

As politics advance divinity,

Thus, in return, divinity promotes

True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.

All wisdoms are but branches of the chief, 475

And statesmen sound but shoots of honest men.

Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse

For deviations in our moral line?

This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye

As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view 480

His own exalted science, both conspire

To recommend and fix us in the right.

If we regard the politics of Heav'n,

The grand administration of the whole,

What's the next world? a supplement of this: 485

Without it justice is defective here;

Just as to states, defective as to men :
 If so, what is this world ? as sure as right
 Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the next.
 Prize you the prophet ? then believe him too ; 490
 His prophecy more precious than his smile.
 How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
 That this should charm us, that should discompose ?
 Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
 So long his politics are incomplete : 495
 In danger he, nor is the nation safe,
 But soon must rue his inauspicious pow'r.

What hence results ? a truth that should resound
 For ever awful in Britannia's ear :
 " Religion crowns the statesman and the man, 500
 " Sole source of public and of private peace."
 This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
 And praise and preach it too :—and when that's done
 Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
 What Highland pole-axe half so deep can wound ?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far ? 506
 Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair ?
 Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd)
 Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
 Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes ? 510
 Two mighty columns rise in my support ;
 In their more awful and authentic voice,
 Record profane and sacred, drown the muse,
 Tho' loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning song.
 Still farther, Holles ! suffer me to plead 515
 That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
 Guilt only startles at the name of guilt ;
 And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
 Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim ; 520
 And Virtue's sphere is action : yet we grant
 Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
 Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
 Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
 Which talks of immortality, and bids, 525
 In ev'ry British breast, true glory rise,

As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
 To close, my Lord ! with that which all should close
 And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour,
 Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd,—
 The morning rises gay ; yet gayest morn 531
 Less glorious after night's incumbent shades ;
 Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
 With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
 Than the first feeble dawn of moral day ; 535
 Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
 Tho' the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns ;
 Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
 Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
 From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall, 540
 His all illustrious and eternal year ;
 Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
 And distance here) shall rank with common men,
 Yet own their glory never dawn'd before. 544

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

THAT FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO*.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies ;
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries, 5
 Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies :
 He studies torment ; dives in mortal woe ;
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow ;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face. 10

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
 Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

14

AN HISTORICAL EPILOGUE

TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN Epilogue, thro' custom, is your right,
 But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night.
 To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies ;
 Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
 In history's authentic record read
 What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade !
 Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
 With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

5

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
 But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan :
 Nor reign'd he long ; from Rome swift thunder flew,
 And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw :
 Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
 For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled :
 His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
 And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

10

15

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
 And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung ;
 The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
 At which thy tears, O Rome ! began to flow,
 So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,
 To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel ?
 To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
 From such a source !—an emperor's embrace ?
 He sicken'd soon to death ; and, what is worse,
 He well deserv'd, and felt the coward's curse ;
 Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
 Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.

20

25

His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
 No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign. 30
 No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom.
 And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
 Nor ends its thus—Dire vengeance to complete,
 His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
 His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd! 35
 And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
 As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
 So public blessings are his virtues' due.
 Shout, Britons! shout;—auspicious fortune blefs!
 And cry, Long live—our title to success! 40

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,*

In Westminster-Abbey, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
 This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
 As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
 'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
 Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great, 5
 And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
 Each tender grace that joy and love inspire,
 Living, he mingled with his martial fire:
 Dying, he bid Britannia's thunder's roar; 9
 And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see—is Cato then become
 A greater name in Britain than in Rome?

* Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the Duke of St. Alban's who was one of the sons of King Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711, and, being regularly bred to the sea-service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his Majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthage, March 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the king's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the inscription on his monument, was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones, of Oxford, who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miscellanies, 8vo. 1752.

Does mankind now admire his virtues more
 Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before
 How will posterity this truth explain?

5

“Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.”

The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
 Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
 Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,

10

And virtues by departed heroes taught,
 Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;

To your renown all ages you subdue,
 And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

14

All Soul's Coll. Oxon.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!

Here lies an *honest man*,

Of perfect piety,

Of lamb-like patience,

My friend, James Barker;

To whom I pay this mean memorial,

For what deserves the greatest.

An example

Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,

Industrious in low estate,

The lesson and reproach of those above him.

To lay this little stone

Is my ambition;

While others rear

The polish'd marbles of the great!

Vain pomp!

A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

THE END.

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Young, Edward,

The poetical works of Rev. Dr. E. Young with the life of the author

Bd.: 2

London [ca. 1800]

P.o.angl. 490-2

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